NOTES FROM A DIARY

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1886-1888

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NOTES FROM A DIARY

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1886-1888

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1900

1888

January

2. We passed the whole of New Year's Day at Nazareth, and assisted at High Mass, followed by Benediction, in honour of the Pope's Jubilee. An attempt was made at night to illuminate the Monastery, but with no great success, for the beautiful weather of a few hours before had been succeeded by most furious showers. In an interval between two of these I managed to see the Greek church on the site of which, it is maintained by the adherents of that communion, the Angel first appeared to the Blessed Virgin. It stands close to the well which I have already noticed, and an attendant let down a cup into the water for me to drink.

This afternoon we got back to Haïfa after a pleasant, but not very interesting ride, passing the small town of Shefa Amr. Our horses raced from the Kishon to Haïfa, so little fatigued were they with their long march.

5. Mail arrives. Lady Henley writes, with reference to the Manchester Exhibition:—

"I was much struck by the good pictures that were sent by the Trustees of the Manchester Fine Art Gallery, showing with what care and judgment the local collection is being made. English art need not certainly bow its head in the face of such a collection as that, for it shows that an enormous amount of real talent has existed during the past fifty years, in spite of its being the fashion to look upon all modern work as mediocre."

I had asked Acton "whether there existed any such thing as a good short history of the Crusades?"

He replies, in the affirmative, from Cannes, telling me that Kugler, a professor at Tübingen, has written just such a work, also that Kohl has done the same in the third volume of the mediæval portion of the Universal History published by Trübner.

7. A strong west wind has been blowing for many hours. Yesterday, for the first time since I landed in Syria, I wore a great-coat in walking, and this evening we went so far as to light the stove in the dining-room.

8. I finished reading through Conder's *Tent Work in Palestine*, into which I have been dipping from time to time ever since I arrived. It is full of valuable information, which has not yet found its way into guide-books, and should be in the hands of every one who travels in this country.

It is a rapid summary of the chief results obtained during the survey of Palestine from Dan to Beersheba, and from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. That sounds a very large undertaking, and so it was for a private society, but, after all, it extended only over an area of something like 6000 square miles, that is to say, little more than the average size of a Madras district. Vizagapatam is about as large as three Palestines. Belláry, before I divided it, was equal to nearly two Palestines.

Amongst the things which interested me most in the book were the pages on the Samaritans and the description of the view from Hermon, from which the writer saw, amongst other things, Damascus, the wild volcanic district of the Trachonitis, now known as the Lejjah, the sea of Galilee, Tabor, Carmel, and Tyre.

I observe that he agrees with those who believe Khan Minyeh to represent Capernaum—the word Minai or Sorcerers being the contemptuous Hebrew name for the early Christians.

As to this he remarks:—

"It is a wonderful reflection that to Jewish hatred we perhaps owe our only means of fixing one of the most interesting sites in Palestine, and that, through the opprobrious epithet of Minai or Sorcerers, the position of Christ's own city is handed down to the Christians of the nineteenth century."

I see, too, that he places Megiddo, with much probability,

a good deal to the east of the place where most persons, following Dr. Robinson, believe it to have stood.

It would be a difficult book for any one to read through who had not visited this region, and it would be easy to criticise some of its details, but there is not a chapter in it which does not contain interesting matter, new to most people.

9. It is mid-winter, and yet one sees few days as beautiful as this in the finest English summer. The recent storm has left no traces save a hardly perceptible swell in the bay, and a little snow upon Jebel Jermak in Upper Galilee. That marks a further fall in the temperature since I last made a note about the weather, for Jebel Jermak is not half the height of Hermon, rising only to about 4000 feet.

13. Since I returned from Nazareth I have had read to me the second and third Books of the *Wars of the Jews*, by Josephus, with so much of Book IV. as treats of the subjugation of Galilee.

It would seem to me strange that my attention was not called long years ago to the extremely remarkable speech in Book II., attributed to Herod Agrippa — Paul's King Agrippa—if anything done, or omitted to be done, by the persons who, outside the Sixth form at Rugby, mismanaged education from 1841 to 1847, were capable of exciting my surprise,

In Book III. a speech is put into the mouth of Titus, addressing his soldiers before Tarichæa, at the lower end of the Lake of Gennesaret, which recalls

"The fewer men the greater share of honour"

of Shakespeare's *Henry V.*

I have also been occupied with Conder's *Judas Maccabæus*, a clear and spirited sketch of a tangled piece of history.

The book throws many side-lights upon matters which are not quite immediately connected with its subject. Here is one of them :—

"The Jews had, properly speaking, no calendar. The feasts of trumpets, which celebrated each new moon, were regulated by actual observation of the crescent. Throughout Palestine the appearance of the slender sickle, which shines so brightly in the clear Oriental heaven, was watched with eager eyes, and those who first saw it hastened to report it to the Beth Din in Jerusalem. Even the law of the Sabbath Day's journey was abrogated to allow these messengers to proceed at once to the capital; and it is said that on one occasion forty pairs of witnesses passed through Lydda alone on the Sabbath, intent on the errand which seemed so important to this primitive people.

"The witnesses were obliged to be men of good character, and were very closely questioned by the Sanhedrim. If they had only seen a reflection in water, or a doubtful portion of the luminary through clouds, or if they had seen the new moon through glass, their evidence was disallowed, and their journey was fruitless. Here probably we trace the origin of

the superstition that it is unlucky to see the new moon first through glass. Certainly it was unlucky for the witness who had made a laborious journey in vain."

The following bears on a question to which I have alluded above :—

"There are indications in Jewish literature which tend to show that the old worship of the 'high places,' which the children of Israel were commanded to destroy, was never entirely stamped out. Some of these idolatrous shrines existed, and were held sacred, even in the fourth century of the Christian era. In the Mishna this worship is considered a subject of sufficient importance to demand a tract to itself, and instances of trees in Palestine, locally held sacred, but officially condemned by the Rabbis, are given in the treatise on *Foreign Worship*.

"Nor is this worship of local divinities extinct even at the present day. The modern Mukâm replaces the ancient Makom, or place consecrated to some traditional prophet or chief to whom supernatural powers are ascribed. Sacred trees still exist all over the country, and sacrifices and processions entirely disconnected with the ritual of the Moslem religion are locally observed."

19. We heard talk at Nazareth of the road by which we reached that place from Tabor being infested by dangerous wild beasts, of which, however, we saw none.

I observe that Canon Tristram, in his *Natural History of the Bible*, mentions that the *Felis jubata*, or hunting leopard of India, still inhabits Tabor; but I should think that the creature which has recently made itself troublesome near

Nazareth was more probably the common leopard, or Nimr, of which there is a skin in the drawing-room here, and of whose misdeeds upon Carmel we hear from time to time.

The following passage from the book just alluded to is very curious :—

"We have incidental proof that the leopard was formerly common in the Holy Land in the names of places derived from it, as Beth-Nimrah, or Nimrah, a fenced city allotted to Gad, near the Jordan eastwards (Numb. xxxii. 3 and 36). It is curious to trace the change of names in the history of this place. 'The house of leopards' of old, as the country became more densely peopled and the leopards disappeared, had changed to Beth-Abara, or 'house of the ford,' of the Septuagint and the New Testament, when John the Baptist baptised beyond Jordan. With the present desolation of the land, the leopard has resumed its sway, and roams undisturbed; the ford has become disused and almost forgotten, and the Beth-Abara of the Roman period has to-day regained its old appellation, and is the Nahr-Nimrim, *i.e.* 'the stream of the leopards,' of the modern Arabs. Deservedly is it so named, for in its thickets the leopards roam; and though I did not see the animals themselves, their fresh footprints were clear and unmistakable on the moist ooze. It is the broad, massive footmark of the leopard, which Lynch, de Saulcy, and other travellers have mistaken for that of a lion, which is there quite extinct."

Decidedly vegetation in the fields immediately around this place is further backward than it was between Ramleh and Jaffa on the 2nd of January last year.

Encouraged by hearing of the multitude of flowers near Dalieh, we went to-day to see what was to be found along

the road which leads up Carmel to the Monastery, but there was next to nothing in blossom.

At Christmas, and just before it, the children could gather small bouquets of Narcissi. I thought that later they would be much more abundant; but not a bit of it—a cyclamen or two, and a pretty bright yellow *Ruta* were all our spoils.

The view on the other hand across the bay was enchantingly beautiful; the mountains, the sand dunes, the plain of Acre, and Acre itself, never looked the same for a moment, as the cloud-shadows and the great breadths of light changed their places.

My wife made me repeat in the evening the lines from *Historic Fancies*:—

"Oh never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance,
As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France:
As when they went for Palestine, with Louis at their head,
And many a waving banner, and the oriflamme outspread;
And many a burnished galley, with its blaze of armour shone
In the ports of sunny Cyprus, and the Acre of St. John;—
And many a knight who signed the cross, as he saw the burning sands,
With a prayer for those whom he had left in green and fairer lands.
God aid them all, God them assoil, for few shall see again
Streams like their own, their azure Rhone, or swift and silver Seine."

How little did I imagine when I first read that passage, nearly three-and-forty years ago, that the scenes to which it refers would one day become part of my daily life!

20. I came across, to-day, the following paragraph in Mrs. Burton's *Inner Life of Syria*. The scene is laid at Karyatayn, between Damascus and Palmyra:—

"I had also the pleasure of making in that very queer and lonely spot, an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship —the wife of Omar Beg, the daughter of the German *savant*, Mr. Mordtmann, who is well known and appreciated at Stamboul. I need not say much more in praise of Omar Beg himself, than that he is a Hungarian gentleman, and all the world knows the brave and independent race. He married this charming German lady, and keeps her secluded in harem like a Moslem woman. She was living with her husband quite contentedly in this desolate place under a mud hut, and her only companions were a hyena and a lynx, which slept on her bed like two lap-dogs. The hyena received me at the gate, and —though not prepared for it—I innocently did the right thing, as she afterwards informed me. It came and sniffed at my hands, and then jumped up and put its fore-paws on my shoulders and smelt my face. 'Oh,' I thought, 'if it takes a bit out of my cheek, what shall I do?' But I stood as still as a statue, and tried not to breathe, looking it steadily in the eyes all the while. At last it made up its mind to befriend me, jumped down, and ran before me, like a dog, into the house, where I found the lynx on the divan. No. 2 pet sprang at me, mewed, and lashed his tail till Madame Omar came."

This passage interested me much, for the father of the

lady who had those strange companions had been a friend of De Tabley's, to whom I sent it.

I have just finished running through the book from which the above is an extract.

The very full account of Damascus is to me the most interesting part of it. The chapter entitled "Revival of Christianity," is worth studying along with Renan's account of the persecution of the Bâbis, near the end of *Les Apôtres*. It throws the most curious light upon St. Paul's experiences in and near Damascus.

A very large number of persons, many of them well known to the authoress, no less than she herself, were evidently living in the year 1870 in an atmosphere of miracle.

The account of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and of its migration from Maestricht to New Hall, in Essex, was also quite new to me.

Some of the merits and also some of the faults of the book are easily explained when we read that Mrs. Burton passed two years of her life, on emerging from the school-room, alone with *Tancred*, and that in mature life she considered the author of that work, which in its own line I put very high, but which it is impossible to take seriously, was one of the few men in England competent to deal with the Eastern question!

On the Carmel plateau, above the Monastery, the little

Iris Sisyrhinchium is beginning to be pretty abundant, and a few, but very few, scarlet anemones are in flower.

On a piece of waste land where, a week or two ago, a crocus was to be gathered in great quantities, I did not this afternoon find one single flower.

21. I have been glancing through a little book called *A Short Introduction to the History of Ancient Israel.*

The writer claims no originality, mentioning that he has compiled his work mainly from books by Stade, Wellhausen, and Bleek.

It is a useful *resumé*, but its importance chiefly consists in the fact that it is the production of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England.

The point of view is much the same as that of Renan in the *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël*, and of the Dutch book mentioned a few pages ago.

Here is the opening :—

"Our chief authorities for the history of Israel are the books of the Old Testament. Unfortunately, none of the historical books have reached us in their original form ; they have been worked up by later historians, whose aim was not to accurately reproduce the past so much as to paint such a picture of it as would best convey religious instruction to the men of their own generation. To gain this end they did not scruple to make any alterations, additions, and omissions, which served to bring the books more into accordance with their own ideas. In order, then, to recover the original documents which lie at the bottom of the historical books of the Old Testament, we

have to omit the later additions, supply the omissions, restore the corrections. Although this may seem at first sight almost impossible, it is made comparatively easy by three circumstances. Firstly, the old historians had no motive for concealing the process by which they worked, and therefore made no attempt to alter the style and phraseology of the documents which lay before them. Secondly, they were rarely skilful workmen; they often failed to make the necessary alterations in the old histories which they incorporated with their own. Thirdly, we have in the writings of the prophets a fixed point by means of which we can establish the dates of the various revisions which the books have undergone. We may, besides, gain considerable assistance from the translation of the LXX., especially where the Hebrew text is corrupt."

Thirty years ago these words would have created a scandal; thirty years hence they will be little better than a commonplace.

Mrs. Bishop writes from Antibes, under date of the 7th inst.:

"Not since 1829 has there been such low temperature. I fear the crop of orange blossoms is lost, and brides will have to take to white jessamine and myrtle."

23. Very few days pass on which I do not take up Mrs. Awdry's calendar to the *Récit d'une Sœur*, and read the passage to which it points, nor do I ever do so without feeling the truth of Renan's remarks:—

"Prenons garde d'être complices de la dimunition de vertu qui menacerait nos sociétés, si le christianisme venait à s'affaiblir. Que serions-nous sans lui? Qui remplacera ces

grandes écoles de sérieux et de respect telles que Saint-Sulpice, ce ministère de devouement des Filles de la Charité? Comment n'être pas effrayé de la sécheresse de cœur et de la petitesse qui envahissent le monde?"

At the same time he would be indeed blind who could pass any time in this country without seeing that the following words by the same author are not a whit less true:—

"Que l'orthodoxie réussisse à tuer la science, nous savons ce qui arrivera; le monde Mussulman et l'Espagne meurent pour avoir trop consciencieusement accompli cette tâche. Que le rationalisme veuille gouverner le monde sans égard pour les besoins religieux de l'âme, l'expérience de la Révolution Française est la pour nous apprendre les consequences d'une telle faute. L'instinct de l'art, porté aux plus grandes délicatesses mais sans honnêteté, fit de l'Italie de la renaissance un coupe-gorge, un mauvais lieu. L'ennui, la sottise, la médiocrité sont la punition de certains pays protestants, où sous prétexte de bon sens et d'esprit chrétien, on a supprimé l'art et réduit la science à quelque chose de mesquin. Lucrèce et Sainte Thérèse, Aristophane et Socrate, Voltaire et François d'Assise, Raphäel et Vincent de Paul ont également raison d'être."

It is true, no doubt, that I never had so much leisure to watch atmospheric effects as I have here; still, this place has surely few superiors in so far as they are concerned.

This afternoon, as we walked up Carmel, a piece of rainbow of most extraordinary loveliness seemed to have taken up its abode permanently among the Nazareth Hills, and when Victoria and I had pushed on to the plateau we saw at least half-a-dozen showers falling round the sea horizon,

while at one spot the sun, himself unseen, had created in the midst of the dark waters a lake of silver, unspeakably, intolerably bright.

24. Drove out of the town for a short distance along what is described by courtesy as the Nazareth *road*. There the Narcissus is not quite out of flower, and it must be abundant in some places, for we met a man riding from the interior with a perfect sheaf of it.

The hour, however, belongs to *Anemone Coronaria*, especially to its purple and blue varieties. These we found in great number, with a few white, but hardly any scarlet, ones.

We dug up and transferred to the garden a fine mandrake. In obedience to one of the many superstitions connected with this plant—one of which is, I observe, as old as Josephus—I duly tied Xit to it.

He undoubtedly struggled, but the plant, I am happy to say, neither shrieked, nor did the dog die of its shrieks!

I was not a little surprised to learn some time ago that a public man, occupying one of the highest non-royal positions in Europe, attributes much of the success he has had in life to the possession of a mandrake root!

25. I have been reading *Studies in a Mosque*, by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, a collection of essays upon various subjects connected with the dominant religion of this country.

It contains amongst other things, less unfamiliar, an account of the Brotherhood of Purity, a society which was established at El-Basra in the last quarter of the tenth century.

It had two aims, the one moral, to keep its members "unspotted of the world" in the midst of a corrupt society; the other, intellectual, to bring together all that was known to the most learned men of that age in the East, and to work their "guesses at truth" into a connected whole.

The result of their labours in this last direction was a series of tracts forming a complete encyclopædia, which the patient scholarship of Germany has, it would appear, recently made more or less accessible to the European student.

This work, says the writer of these essays, is "a faithful portrait of the philosophy and science of the Arabs at the time when the enthusiasm for culture was coming to an end in the East, and only one great name[1] was still to be added to the list of Arabian philosophers."

Quite new to me, too, is the account of the Sabians, or Christians of St. John, who are to be carefully distinguished alike from the Sabæans, who dwelt at Saba in the Yemen, and the Sabians, a sect dwelling near Harran, and whose religion was the old paganism of the country, mixed with Jewish ceremonial, Greek gods, some Aristotle, and a great deal of Neo-Platonism. These people only took the name of Sabians about A.D. 830.

[1] Avicenna.

The true Sabians, or Mandæans, or Christians of St. John, who live far down the Euphrates, away from all Greek influence, are held to be the legitimate descendants of the ancient Semites of Babylonia, speaking an Aramaic dialect closely allied to Syriac and Chaldee, but much freer from foreign influence.

They have bishops, priests, and deacons, but little else that has any relation to the belief of other Christian sects, and were called Sabians by the Mahommedans, from a Syrian word meaning a "Washer," just as they have received in the west the name of Christians of St. John, *i.e.* the Baptist, from their endless and preposterous lustrations. Their mythology, as sketched in Mr. Stanley Poole's paper, is madder than most mythologies, which is saying much.

The Mail arrives, De Tabley writes:—

"It is very sad indeed about Henry Cowper's death. I had seen little of him of late, but at college he was quite one of my nearest friends. * * * * * * Men of his type of character are daily becoming more scarce, and are hourly becoming less appreciated."

And again:—

"It is odd that you have been reading *Dorothy Forster*. I too have read it lately, and liked it as I do any tales with strong local colouring. I have a book-plate of Lord Derwentwater, but the truth must be told, it is the father of the hero of the tale, not the hero himself."

My sister writes from Weimar :—

"The snow lies and waits for more. Nothing is happening here save that those fragments which Goëthe left of a Nausikaa, with a complete scheme for a tragedy, have been skilfully turned to account, and the tragedy was produced here last night—Fraülein Jenicke as Nausikaa, a beautiful part, and beautifully impersonated."

After a description of the piecè, she adds :—

"Life at Weimar is *so*, that such a piece is an event. We think it happened! We go about full of it! We talk of it as of Ein von uns allen Erlebtes."

26. Rode on the Athlît sands, passing, in order to reach them, over a road which has been more frequently trodden by armies than almost any on the surface of the planet.

Now no man traverses it to its end in Egypt, save the shepherds of the flocks, one of which we lately met just under the Monastery, coming from the Hauran, and guarded by great dogs, who would no doubt have done battle for their charges if any one had meddled with them, but who appeared to be the gentlest and most inoffensive of animals.

27. Went down to examine the rocks on the beach, which to-day are more exposed than usual. There is a considerable growth of *Algæ*, though no great variety, but, although the pools are very numerous, neither on this nor on any previous occasion have I chanced to see in them one single starfish, sea-anemone, or other creature.

28. Read to-day the Palestinian portion of the *Buildings of Justinian*, by Procopius.

When speaking of the Church of the Virgin, built by the Emperor for the monks of Mount Sinai, the historian observes:—

"He did not build this church on the summit of the mountain, but a long way below it; for it is not possible for a man to pass the night upon the peak, because at night continuous thunderings and other yet more terrible divine manifestations take place which overpower men's strength and reason."

Thus we find the idea of Sinai, which was of old the Olympus of the thunder God, closely asssociated with the idea of thunder some five hundred and sixty years after Christ!

We saw to-day on Carmel the bird which in the words of Chapman—

"loves humans best,
That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,
And is the yellow autumn's nightingale."

Tristram says that the robin is scattered by twos and threes in winter over the whole country, but that not one remains after the end of February.

29. I have been looking to-day through the itinerary of the *Bordeaux Pilgrim* who travelled from the banks of the Garonne to Jerusalem, A.D. 333.

I see that he passed by Acre, Haïfa, and Athlît — then called respectively Ptolemais, Sycaminum, and Certa; but, oddly enough, although he was almost within sight of Nazareth, he does not seem to have had the smallest interest either in it or in the Sea of Galilee.

31. In reply to a question of mine, Mme. Renan, after speaking very highly of the exactitude of the descriptions of Breton scenery and character in *Pécheur d'Islande* says:—

"Quant au nom d'Yvon Duff mon mari n'a jamais trouvé sous cette forme ce nom de 'Noir.' La forme bretonne est Le Du (le breton armoricain a pour habitude de supprimer les consonnes); mais peutêtre, dans quelques dialectes, dit-on Duff."

I presume, however, it is quite certain that an author who is so careful about local colouring would not have given to one of his characters a name which would strike any one at first sight as belonging to the north-east of Scotland, not to the north-west of France, without having chapter and verse for it.

February

1. Mr. Cuthbert, passing through to England, showed us the skin of a fine wolf, killed a couple of nights ago near Dalieh. Canon Tristram says that the wolf of this country is a larger animal than that of Europe, probably from his

being better fed. The fox of Northern Palestine, *Vulpes flavescens*, is also a prosperous person, larger than the species or variety found in Judæa. We have seen only one, not far from Athlît; but he was very tame and bold, obviously without the least idea of being hunted or otherwise interfered with.

Oliphant, in his book on Haïfa, has given an account of the appearance of the father of Abbas Effendi, mentioned on an earlier page, in a Court of Justice at Acre. Some time ago Mr. Schumacher described to me the same transaction, and last night he brought Mr. Cardahi, who was present in Court.

According to the latter, the first question put to the Bâb was :—

"What is your name?"

To that he replied :—"It is unnecessary to state my name; you know it well; it is known in all the world."

It was then explained to the witness that it was absolutely necessary that he should state his name.

To that he replied :—"My name is the Light of God."

He was next asked :—

"What is your occupation?"

He answered :—I will tell you what I am not: I am not a carpenter, I am not a camel driver; but you need not ask me any further questions, for I will answer none."

In Mr. Schumacher's version, a second and highly

probable question was interposed between the two I have quoted.

"Who was your father?"

To that the Bâb is said to have replied:—"If you ask my followers they will tell you—that I had no beginning, and shall have no end."

I suspect that Mr. Cardahi was the fountain-head alike of the Oliphant and of the Schumacher version, but the event occurred in 1871, and exactitude is not the strong point of people in this country.

Thanks to one of those mysterious transactions familiar to the justice of Turkey, the Bâb did not again appear before the tribunal.

2. I have been reading the first three and the last chapters of Conder's book, *Explorations in Syria in* 1881 *and* 1882. He thinks that Tyre in the days of its highest prosperity covered only about one hundred acres. If that be so, it is infinitely creditable to the energy of so small a place that it should have made so much noise in the world. The account of Kadesh, the Hittite Capital on the Orontes, is the portion of the book which had most interest for me. The author says that that place was attacked not only by Rameses II., but before his time by Thothmes III., who fought a battle with the Hittites at Megiddo, another association to be added to the many which cluster round the plain of Esdraelon.

3. We have annexed two new pets. The day before yesterday Iseult captured amongst the blue anemones and cyclamens of the Nazareth Road, *Testudo Ibera*, and an hour later Victoria found *Hyla Arborea*. This is the green frog of which my wife took eight specimens to England from old Lord Brougham's garden at Cannes in May, 1862. She managed to keep them alive for a long time—one of them for two years and a half. Those were the days of our Saturday breakfasts, and many is the eminent person whom I have seen engaged in catching flies for their maintenance.

We drove to-day to a point between the village of Tireh and the sea, where we collected a good many roots of a species of Iris hitherto unknown to me.

4. I have been reading in Dr. Thomson's work, called the *Land and the Book*, the section which deals with Phœnicia and Lebanon. I shall have something to say about Dr. Thomson's merits and demerits a little later; but on turning from his pages to-day to look up Sidon and Tyre in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, I found two articles by the late Mr. Edward Twisleton, whose sad end all our society so much deplored. Of these the one upon Tyre seems to me of the highest merit, and I take from it the following remarks. After quoting Benjamin of Tudela's account of the prosperity of Tyre in his day, Mr. Twisleton says :—

"In fact at this period and down to the close of the thirteenth century, there was perhaps no city in the known world with stronger claim than Tyre to the title of the 'Eternal City,' if experience had not shown that cities as well as individuals were subject to decay and dissolution. Tyre had been the parent of colonies, which at a distant period had enjoyed a long life, and had died, and it had survived more than 1500 years its greatest colony, Carthage. It had outlived Ægyptian Thebes, and Babylon, and ancient Jerusalem. It had seen Grecian cities rise and fall; and although older than them all, it was in a state of great prosperity when an illustrious Roman, who had been sailing from Ægina to Megara, told Cicero, in imperishable words, of the corpses or carcasses of cities, the 'oppidorum cadavera,' by which in that voyage he had been in every direction encompassed. Rome, it is true, was still in existence in the thirteenth century, but in comparison with Tyre, Rome itself was of recent date, its now twice consecrated soil having been merely the haunt of shepherds or robbers for some hundred years after Tyre was wealthy and strong."

5. Walked through the grove of venerable olives which runs along the foot of Carmel; then leaving the others, went with the two younger ones across the plain to look for scarlet anemones. We found them at last on the edge of the sea amongst the ruins of Haïfa el Atikah, which was taken by Tancred in the first Crusade. After they had gathered enough, the sun declined through a golden haze, the clouds came down on the hills of Zebulon, and we passed homewards, Lily singing, as she wandered along, snatches from Faber's *Pilgrims of the Night.*

9. Pollock's *Personal Remembrances* reached me some

ten days ago. I have now finished them, and have marked a good many passages, a few of which I note.

At page 58 of vol. i. there is an extremely wise letter from the old Lord Chief Baron to his son about education.

At page 179 there is an account of Carlyle's talk, which is very like what I remember of it. Pollock says:—

"As always happened, when I saw him in later years, and he used to break forth in his wild and strange way, I did not believe half of what he said. It was grim enough very often, but there was always a great deal of latent humour in it all. In the middle of his most trenchant denunciations there would be a twinkle of the eye, and a laugh, and a sort of quiet, mental dig in the ribs, as much as to say, 'You must not think this is all quite serious.'"

At page 261 there is a very interesting letter of Pollock's own, dated 11th April 1848, giving an account of his own proceedings when in command of a considerable force of special constables the day before.

At page 23 of vol. ii. there is an amusing entry dated in 1854, to the effect that when Landseer was presented to the King of Portugal, His Majesty said: "Ah! I am glad to see you, I always like beasts!"

At page 109 it is related that Sarah Coleridge said of Wordsworth "that he wrote like a poet"; of Henry Taylor, "that he looked like a poet"; and of Aubrey de Vere, "that he lived like a poet."

At page 195 there is a notice of a very amusing speech

by Brookfield, in which, commenting upon a misleading omission which had been made in an official document, he said:—

"Such mistakes were very serious, but such things did sometimes occur, and it reminded him of a notice he had seen outside a poulterer's shop in the Borough:—'A lot of live Ostend rabbits on sale. Any person wishing to buy one will be skinned and trussed ready for roasting in five minutes.'"

At page 220 the following passage occurs in an account of the Dilettanti:—

"Originally the qualification for membership was that the candidate had been met in Italy by the proposing member. Upon one occasion, however, a candidate was elected who had been met at Avignon—a place at the time certainly more Italian than French in its associations. When the mistake was discovered, in order to make the election valid, a special resolution was passed, 'that in the opinion of the Society, Avignon is in Italy.' But in order to prevent the establishment of a dangerous precedent, a second resolution was carried, 'that in the opinion of this Society, Avignon is the only town in France which is in Italy.'"

At page 240 it is mentioned on the authority of Van de Weyer, that at a diplomatic conference Talleyrand pointed to a sentence and remarked, "I suppose this means so and so." To which it was replied, "Celà va sans dire," and Talleyrand rejoined, "Oui certainement, mais celà va mieux en le disant."

10. When will Christianity have disengaged itself from the mass of doubtful history, blundered chronology, manifest myths, equally manifest legends, stories invented for national glorification, stories invented for political or class purposes, stories invented for edification, amidst which any one who is chiefly occupied, as I am at present, in studying the past of this country, must perforce spend his time? Most of these it borrowed straight from Judaism, and then set to work decorating its own early history with the same precious ornaments!

Of course it was all inevitable. No one can spring away from his own shadow. Vast as was the improvement which they made in Judaism, all the early followers of Christ, however hostile to each other, were Jews, and worked largely on Jewish lines.

How delightful it is, nevertheless, to escape from the clatter of all this machinery into a higher atmosphere—to this day forty-five years ago, and to the words "Je crois, j'aime, j'adore, je me repens."[1]

Mr. Wurmser, an Alsatian Jew from Colmar, who superintends the colony at Zimmarim, called on me, and mentioned in the course of conversation that the words "Zichron Jacob" on the curious token piastre, which circulates there and here, mean "Memorial of Jacob," the "Jacob" being none other than the

[1] *Récit d'une Sœur*, vol. ii.

famous financier, James Rothschild, who founded the colony.

The moment belongs to the cyclamen—*Kopfhängele*, as the good Germans round us prettily call it. The yellow Star of Bethlehem, a species of *Gagea*, is also now tolerably abundant on the lower slopes of Carmel.

13. The mail brings a long and excessively interesting letter from Lord Dufferin, which is dated 1st January, but has been to the India Office and York House.

Amidst many things not to be alluded to here, he tells me that one of the pleasantest days of his life was spent upon Carmel with Cyril Graham; then follows a full account of his recent tour to Kapurthala, Karachi, Quetta, Sukkur, Dera Ismail Khan, the Khyber, Rawal Pindi, and Benares.

Speaking of the mountain which rises over the western terminus of the Harnai route, he says:—

"The view from the summit is beautiful, for at your feet there stretches a crimson sea of sand interspersed with black islands of basalt, with the blue hills behind Candahar rising on the horizon."

His account of things Burmese is distinctly cheering—*inter alia*—he remarks:—

"Another very good thing is that we have discovered a Sanatorium close to Mandalay far healthier than any hill station that is to be found in India itself; in fact it is like a bit of England, greensward, oaks, cowslips, and blankets at

night. The official report of the place reads more like an idyll from Theocritus than a military document."

I should have noted that by last Wednesday's mail I received from Arthur a description of the ceremony which took place when his Chief went with his subordinates to present his credentials as Ambassador, Madrid having just been raised from a Legation to an Embassy.

A sad echo of our Indian time comes from Rome, where, on the 1st, Miss Somers Cocks and Miss Macpherson attended the requiem mass in Sta. Maria del Popolo for Lucy Bethell, a charming little girl who was much at Government House. They laid against the coffin, writes the former to my wife, a wreath of snowdrops and the white *Richardia Æthiopica*, so closely connected with the life we all led at Ootacamund.

17. Mr. Haskett Smith breakfasted with us, and mentioned that he had once heard a lecturer declaiming in a railway carriage upon political grievances without number. At length, turning to an old Lincolnshire farmer of Conservative views, he said: — "And what, sir, is your opinion?" "My opinion," replied the worthy man, "is that no good will be effected until you reverse the result of the Battle of Hastings!"

I have been looking at a book consisting of a series of extracts from the *Talmud*, made by Mr. Hershon and published by Trübner. The text is more odd than edify-

ing; but I found no statement in it more amusing than one in the preface, in which the author states that he once lit upon a Hebrew book in the British Museum which contained no fewer than seventy sermons on the text, "And Jacob journeyed to Succoth."

There is a note to the introduction which runs as follows :—

"Fancy, if all Bibles, of whatever size, had each the same number of pages, each page the same number of lines, and each line the same number of words! You might then be able to prick a pin through several pages and tell the very letters almost of every page the pin had pierced. I have seen this done with the *Talmud*, and the young Rabbi who performed the feat was, as he well might be, considered as a wonder in his literary world."

That is the feat which the late Dr. Kalisch described to Arthur Russell, Acton, and me at a breakfast at my house in Queen's Gate Gardens. I think he said his own father had performed it, and the number of pages was twelve.

On the 5th we had to go to look for the scarlet anemones. Now they are so abundant that they almost come to look for us; and the wild flowers generally, of which I am keeping a careful record, are at last beginning to appear in good earnest. Almost every day the children find one or more new species.

In the garden the almond is in full blossom, so is *Acacia lophantha*, and the Judas tree is just opening its buds.

19. I have finished in these last days the *Land and the Book* — no small undertaking, for it consists of nearly seven hundred pages of small print. The author, in all important matters, is a blind guide indeed. His theological opinions are mere Köhlerglaube; but he had immense knowledge of this country, in which he was a missionary for five-and-twenty years, with an enviable power of observing all common and obvious things which thousands of more educated persons pass carelessly and rather stupidly by.

On such subjects as the cultivation of the olive, the gatherings at the city gates, the life of the house-top, climate, sheep and their shepherds, vineyard watchers— and in short the thousand and one sights and sounds of Syrian travel, as they mirrored themselves in the mind of a man of general intelligence, with no scientific knowledge and no historical knowledge that was not upside down—the book is quite excellent.

Dr. Thomson gives me the impression of having been a perfectly reliable authority as to matters which came within his own knowledge. I quote accordingly the two most striking things falling under that category which are recorded by him :—

"This plain of Ijon has lately been rendered famous by a most extraordinary storm. It was on the 28th of December. Some friends of mine, from Hasbeiya, were coming down the

hill by Kefr Keely, that village west of Matully, when one of them called their attention to tall columns of mist over the marsh of the Hûleh. They came this way very rapidly, and soon broke upon them with awful fury. Those of the party who were from Khyam, on the east side of this plain, fled homeward. My friends from Hasbeiya were driven before the blast to Khureibeh, that little hamlet just north of us, and with difficulty escaped to it. Those who attempted to reach Khyam perished in the plain, although it is not more than two miles wide, and in full view of their houses. Thus ten men died in a few minutes from the mere chill of this wonderful wind. There was no snow, no frost, and not much rain; but the wind was perfectly awful, driving and upheaving everything before it. These cold winds draw out all animal heat with amazing rapidity. Not only were these men chilled to death almost instantly, but eighty-five head of cattle also perished before they could be brought to the village. The inhabitants have no tradition of a similar catastrophe. People often perish in snowstorms on the mountains, and on the vast desert of the Hauran; but it was never known before that a mere wind, and that down on this low plain, could chill people to death. The storm scattered and dispersed in various directions. It did much mischief here on the hills of Naphtali, and over yonder on the Jaulan several people perished by it, and many cattle. It was felt along the seaboard; and I myself caught a violent cold riding from Beirût to Sidon on that day. I examined into the accuracy of these facts on the ground, and know them to be true."

. . . . . .

"In the year 1846 a stork, becoming weary on its return from the distant south, alighted on that mountain near Safed, and was captured. Great was the astonishment of the captors to find a silver locket suspended round its neck. They took it to the governor, and he sent it to the Pacha of

Acre, who forwarded the locket to our Consul in Beirût. It contained a letter from Octavia, a young countess of Gotzen, in Germany, to the effect that this stork had for several years built its nest on an old turret of her castle; that this year the turret fell and injured the bird. She had it kindly cared for, and, when well enough to follow its companions, let it go, with the locket on its neck. The enclosed letter contained a request that whoever found the bird or the locket should send the writer word at any cost, as she had a great curiosity to trace its wanderings. The Consul wrote to the young lady, giving all the particulars, for which, in due time, he received a handsome acknowledgment. All this is simple fact, of which I myself was cognisant. The poor stork died, and perhaps it had never recovered entirely from its misfortune at Octavia's castle, and this compelled it to halt at Safed, where it was captured. These singular birds do not breed in Syria, but pass over it to Asia Minor, and into North-Western Europe."

Looked again, in the records of the *Survey of Western Palestine*, at the paper on the topography of the first known journey in this country, that of the Egyptian officer, which is referred to the fourteenth century B.C.—say to about the days of Sisera. He seems not to have come to Haifa, but to have struck inland at some point between Tyre and Acre on his road to Tarichæa, at the point where the Jordan leaves the Lake of Gennesaret, where he had a rendezvous with other Egyptian officers. It would have been better for him if his business had allowed him to come this way, for the chariot in which he travelled was badly injured on the

rough roads which he followed on his way from Tarichæa to Jaffa.

To-day I had re-read to me for the first time, I should think, since the year 1860, Renan's *Etude sur le poëme de Job*, an admirable essay, of which the following sentences strike the key note :—

"La contradiction, en de pareilles matierès, est le signe de la vérité ; car le peu qui se révèle à l'homme du plan de l'univers se réduit à quelques courbes et à quelques nervures, dont on ne voit pas bien la loi fondamentale et qui vont se réunir à la hauteur de l'infini. Maintenir en présence les uns des autres les besoins éternels du cœur, les affirmations du sentiment moral, les protestations de la conscience, le temoignage de la réalité, voi'à la sagesse. La pensée générale du livre de Job est ainsi d'une parfaite vérité. C'est la plus grande leçon donnée au dogmatisme intempérant et aux prétensions de l'esprit superficiel à se mêler de theologie ; elle est en un sens le résultat le plus haut de toute philosophie, car elle signifie que l'homme n'a qu'à se voiler la face devant le problème infini que le gouvernement du monde livre à ses méditations. Le piétisme hypocrite d'Eliphaz et les intuitions hardies de Job sont également en défaut pour résoudre une telle enigme ; Dieu lui-meme se garde d'en livrer le mot, et, au lieu d'expliquer l'univers à l'homme, il se contente de montrer le peu de place que l'homme occupe dans l'univers."

22. Mail arrives : A letter from Pollock, confirmed by one to my wife from Stephen, and one from Mallet to me, brings the sad news of the sudden death at Cannes of Sir Henry Maine. Not long ago I wrote to Acton that I

thought Maine, in spite of his exceedingly troublesome health, would live to 80; but he has gone from us at 66. I became acquainted with him in the spring of 1853, through the accident of his having liked the paper on Roman Law and Jurisprudence which I sent up to him the first time I stood for the Law Studentship at the Inns of Court. He strongly advised me to stand again at the next opportunity. I did so, and got the Studentship.

From that time, May 1853, onward, I was extremely intimate with him, till he went to India in 1862, and he was twice at Eden before my father's death in 1858.

In those days he had frightfully bad health, and when he went to Calcutta I certainly never thought to see him again, though I strongly supported his going, thinking it far better that he should die in great prosperity there, than, as I felt sure would be the case if he a second time refused the appointment which the Secretary of State had offered to him, die of chagrin and in adversity at home.

I saw him frequently on his holiday visits to England, and was in close correspondence with him towards the end of his time, when he was Law Member of the Governor-General's Council and I was Under Secretary of State. We were once more brought into very intimate relations after he had returned from India, in comparatively robust health, and the Duke of Argyll had made him a Member of his Council. I was in favour of his succeeding Herman Merivale in 1874.

My chief, however, thought otherwise, and I soon saw that he was right in preferring Mallet for the post of Permanent Under Secretary.

After I left the India Office in 1874 I had fewer opportunities of meeting him, and he was a very infrequent correspondent of any one, except upon business subjects. Still, he was one of those whom I was most delighted to see when I returned to England a year ago. I put him in the very first rank in point of ability of the men I have known—decisively below no one of them except Henry Smith.

He had defects which would have prevented him ever, I think, being of first-rate importance as a man of action; but if he had been born with good means, and had had an early introduction into politics, he would in quiet times have gone very far indeed. I say emphatically in quiet times, for he had not the qualities required in rough or dangerous ones.

Mr. Webster, of Edgehill, referring to a phrase in these Notes for October last about Palma Vecchio's daughters, writes :—

"The memory of the three faces has never left me since I was blessed with a too short but memorable vision of them when at Dresden. I could dilate upon that picture at any length of praise, and I almost deprecate your speaking of any other masters or works in the same sentence which you devote to the glowing, glorious, time-conquering Venetian girls."

In the quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration

Fund for January 1886, I have lit on a Catechism of the Druse religion, which bears curiously upon the conversation at Sidon, recorded above. Here is an extract from the *Epistle of Warning* which precedes the Catechism :—

"We command the company of the Unitarian shepherds to observe the mystery of religion in their deeds, and not to let any of the Kafirs who do not believe in the Governor and his prophets, who were mentioned in the Form of Oath, to understand the religion of our Lord, of whatsoever religion they may be — no, not even those of your own religion, who are of the Ja-hi-leen (*i.e.* not true believers), or the apostate ones. Take care! Take care!! not to let any one understand your religion or your belief, or even take notice of it. Be careful! Be careful! and if after your being careful you know of any of the Polytheists who have acquired any knowledge of the truth of your religion, you must destroy him, and if you cannot destroy him, then poison him secretly, and whatever you do secretly is lawful to you.

"If any one come and tell you that he be of the Unitarians, do not acquaint him with the truths of your religion, because there be many who may come in a subtle way merely to know the truth of your religion, and the mode of your worship."

And here are some extracts from the Catechism itself :—

Q. "And if we talk about religion how shall our answer be?"

A. "Our Lord has commanded that we should cloak ourselves with the prevailing religion, whether it be Christianity or Islamism, for our Lord the Governor has said : 'Whatever religion prevails, follow it openly, but keep me in your hearts.'"

Q. "But how can we agree with the Mahommedans by confessing that Mahommed is a prophet, and that he is the

noblest of all prophets and of all creatures? And is he a prophet?"

A. "No, he is not a prophet. . . . . Outwardly we confess that he is our prophet, merely to be at peace with his people only; but inwardly we believe him to be a monkey, and a devil, and one not born in wedlock, and that he has allowed what is not lawful, and has committed all kinds of shameful deeds."

Q. "Since he is a monkey and a devil, and not born in wedlock, why do we therefore chant his name?"

A. "By the name of Mahommed, which we chant, we mean our Lord, Mahommed Baha-üd-Deen (Brightness of Religion) surnamed our Lord the Faithful."

Q. "Where does our Lord reside now, and when will he manifest himself to us?"

A. "He now resides in China. He appeared or manifested himself five times. The first time he appeared in Persia, and was known by the name of Selman el Farisi, and he was a geometrician. The second time he appeared in Egypt, and was called El Hakim Biamrihi (the Sole Governor), and his occupation was the civil government. The third time he appeared in Algeria, and was known by the name of Baha-üd-Deen (Brightness of Religion), and his occupation was a silversmith. The fourth time he appeared in Andalusia, and was known by the name of Elhikmet (Wisdom), and was a physician. The fifth time he appeared in El Hijaz, or Hedjaz (on the eastern shore of the Red Sea), and was known by the name of Mewla El Akil (Lord of Reason or Understanding), and his occupation was camel-driver, and he had under his command 1000 camels, and thence he disappeared. He foretold his disappearance for a time, and hath commanded us to abide by his obedience until he comes."

Q. "When will he come?"

A. "When the cycle of time turns over, and the ages be completed, and the Da-i-rah (circle) turns to the point of the compass, and the wolf walks together with the sheep, and the tiger with the ass, and when he is seen by the eyes and the understanding, and when the secrets are disclosed, then cometh the mighty and powerful one, with howling and thundering, glory and a numberless army."

24. Finished recently a re-perusal of the first three volumes of Renan's *Origines du Christianisme.*

The copy of the *St. Paul* I have here with me is the same which I had at Alexandria Troas in 1872, and out of which I was reading to my companions when, just as I had finished its very last line, there came so strange an Amen! (See these Notes for 1872.)

How little "der gesunde Menschenverstand" has often to do with the greatest revolutions in human affairs. A vision on the road to Damascus; a dream at Alexandria Troas changed, and changed to its advantage, the face of Europe.

Kugler, in his book alluded to above, which has now reached me, mentions that there is an old legend which tells that every year on the anniversary night of the dissolution of the Templars, a mailed phantom, with a red cross upon the white mantle, appears in their tomb, and asks:—

"Who will rescue the Holy Sepulchre?"

"No one, no one!" is the reply echoed back from the vaulted roof, "for the Temple is overthrown."

If Athlît had been in Europe, it is assuredly thither that the ghostly visitant would be supposed to betake himself.

Arthur Russell asked me some time ago to try and get definite evidence of the existence of the crocodile in Palestine. I conversed to-day with two German colonists, one of whom had seen a live crocodile in the marshes of the Crocodile river; and another had seen a crocodile just after it had been killed near the same place. It was a female, and its length was three metres.

26. Completed an examination of Conder's *Handbook to the Bible*, in the course of which I have read such portions of it as can be read continuously; for its function is chiefly that of a work of reference. The title misled me into expecting something very different, but we are told in the preface that "the main object of the writers was as far as possible to avoid every expression of opinion, whether their own or that of any school of thinkers."

A handbook to the Bible worthy of the name could not be constructed on such a basis!

In the chapter on historic synchronisms Pharaoh's daughter is identified with Ha-Ta-Su; and the Pharaoh of the Exodus is made none other than Amenophis III., who is represented by the vocal Memnon, and "is termed on the monuments the 'Tamer of the Syrian Shepherds.'"

The last guess I had heard made the Pharaoh of the Exodus Menepthah, who belonged to the nineteenth dynasty,

and between whom and Amenophis III. reigned Rameses I., Seti I., and the great Rameses II.

March

1. The 28th February was one of the most beautiful days I ever saw in any climate, and looked like the beginning of a long course of fine weather. In the night, however, the most glorious moonlight effects were suddenly interrupted by a violent thunderstorm among the Galilean hills, followed by a westerly gale which has sadly despoiled the beautiful almond tree under my sitting-room window.

The disturbance makes me think of M. Arnold's—

> "————tempestuous morn in early June,
> When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
> Before the roses and the longest day,
> When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
> With blossoms red and white of fallen May
> And chestnut's flowers are strewn."

I learnt this evening the name of a plant which, in default of a Flora of Palestine, I have been trying for the last three weeks vainly to discover. It is *Ricotia lunaria*, a little lilac crucifer, which is at this moment a most delightful feature in our walks, covering broken masses of rock *débris* in such abundance as to be visible from a considerable distance, and running like a border all along the path which leads to

the Carmelite Monastery. Of the new flowers I have seen here up to this time, it is the one which has given me the greatest pleasure.

I think I have noticed the almond come into blossom on the slopes of the Pincian fully sooner than it did here; yet in Hebrew, according to Tristram, its name is the "Hasten," "Shâked." He adds:—

"This explains the passage in Jeremiah i. 11, 12. The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree (shâked). Then said the Lord unto me, Thou hast well-seen: for I will hasten (shâked) my word to perform it."

That very indifferent pun would, according to the old fashion of Exegesis, have been unhesitatingly attributed to divine inspiration!

The night before last we had an unheard of dissipation—three people at dinner! One of these was Dr. Torrance, already mentioned, who is thinking of trying to ride across from Tiberias to the Persian Gulf; the others were new arrivals—a Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, employed like him by some missionary society in Scotland. They had been detained on their road no less than nine days at Bucharest by the impossibility of crossing the Danube either by sledge or boat.

3. The gale of the 29th was succeeded by a dead calm. The air was perfectly still, even on the top of Carmel,

whence, on the evening of the 1st, I looked down from a height of about 700 feet upon the Bay. Later, however, the weather again changed, and it blew furiously from the west during the night of the 1st, with heavy hail showers. All yesterday the wind continued very high, and the *Clio*, which ought to have left with our letters on the evening of the 29th, only steamed out at 5 A.M. this morning.

My wife brought me from the garden a superb Iris, the *Susiana* of Linnæus, wild in Palestine.

Drove on the Acre sands. The Kishon which, when we last forded it, was almost unpleasantly deep, has been again nearly shut up by the storm. A soft land-wind was blowing, and the whole air was filled with perfume which we discovered to proceed from the white broom, *Retama roetam*, which is flowering in profusion among the sand hills. This is the plant whose Hebrew name "Rothem" is translated "juniper" even in our Revised Version, though the proper translation figures in the margin.

While dressing for dinner my eye fell upon the Great Bear straight opposite my window. I see that Proctor in his *Expanse of Heaven*, which I have had read to me, says that there is reason to believe that the five middle stars of the seven belong to a class of suns far larger than our own, but that the middle star of these five is now ranked as of the fourth magnitude, and gives out only about one-third part of the light which it gave two hundred years ago. If

our sun were to undergo the same change, the writer above mentioned pointed out that in a very short time scarcely any form of vegetable life would remain upon our earth.

4. Finished re-reading Renan's *Essay and Translation of Ecclesiastes*, in the copy which he sent me to Madras. He inclines, with some hesitation, to B.C. 100 as the date of the book, and considers the author to have been the ideal Sadducee. It does not seem to have formed any part of the Jewish hagiographs until after the destruction of Jerusalem, when Jamnia became the centre of Jewish learning and government. Some pious expressions, but above all its attribution to Solomon, which assuredly the author did not mean to be taken seriously, saved it from being kept out of the Canon as was the case with the far more pious *Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach*, which suffered by not having been put under the protection of a great name.

The last four verses are no part of the book, but were added by some other hand at a time when Ecclesiastes stood last in the Jewish Canon.

Here is Renan's translation of them, which at least makes sense, whereas in our version, verse 11 is pure nonsense:

"Les dires des sages
Sont des aiguillons
Les clous qui soulagent
Les efforts volages
De l'attention.

"Le concile antique
Nous les a transmis
Comme œuvre authentique
Vraiment canonique
D'un unique esprit."

The essay is full of true remarks admirably put, as, for example, "en général du reste, on lit mal quand on lit à genoux," and again ;—

"La destinée du peuple Juif ayant été toute religieuse la partie profane de sa littérature a du être sacrificiée. Le Cantique et le Cohélet sont comme une chanson d'amour et un petit écrit de Voltaire égarés parmi les in-folio d'une bibliothèque de theologie. C'est là ce qui fait leur prix. Oui, l'histoire d'Israél manquerait d'une de ses principales lumières si nous n'avions quelques feuillets pour nous exprimer l'état d'âme d'un Israélite résigné au sort moyen de l'humanité s'interdisant l'exaltation et l'espérance, traitant de fous les prophètes, s'il y'en avait de son temps, d'un Israélite sans utopie sociale ni rêve d'avenir."

5. I have been looking through a book called *Twixt Greek and Turk*, being the account of a journey made in the autumn of 1880, by Mr. Chirol, whom I met at Bucharest. The part of it which interested me most was the account of the famous monasteries of Meteora, which he found almost deserted; the Colony of Monks, which used to number between five hundred and six hundred dispersed through twenty-four religious houses, having dwindled down to twenty-one dispersed through seven only.

Mr. Chirol also recounts a conversation which he had

on the subject with the Bishop of Stagos (Kalabaka), and says :—

"When I confessed to a feeling of regret at the doom which threatened to overtake the once flourishing colony of hermits, he merely shrugged his shoulders. 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! and even a vanity which has lived for eight hundred years scarcely deserves a funeral oration.'—And when I pressed him further—'Do you recollect,' he added, 'the parable of the talents, and the servant who buried his in the earth? You should have asked the Hegoumenos of the great Meteora to read it to you?'"

6. I gained to-day a new association for Tabor, for I see in Longfellow's notes to the *Paradiso*, that that very interesting personage, the Abbot Joachim, went thither and lived in an old cistern for forty days.

8. This is the first really fine day we have had since the 28th, but the flowers keep stealing out in spite of the blustering weather, which must have made the bay an uncomfortable berth for a pretty English steam yacht, the *Lady Beatrice*, which has been lying in it, even if two of the gentlemen on board had not been badly injured by a leopard near the Gulf of Iskanderûn.

On the 6th Lily brought me the first Adonis I have seen here, and to-day I observed the Palestinian species of hawthorn in blossom by the side of the main street of the colony, but the leading flower of the moment is a small blue Iris, the *Reticulata*. We found it in much abundance

when we went to gather the shells which the recent storm has strewed along the beach of Tell es Samak.

This afternoon I was told that a dragoman with whom I have been in correspondence had arrived from Beyrout, and I propose to start to-morrow for a short excursion to try his powers before attempting a longer journey.

9. With the usual appliances of Syrian travel in districts where there are neither inns nor monasteries, I left Haïfa at ten this morning, and retraced the road, now become almost as familiar to us as Pall Mall, which leads to that portion of the Athlît sands where we often ride.

Thence we passed on, keeping close by the sea, to Athlît itself. More perfect riding ground could not be found until one arrives within about three miles of that place, when the sand becomes too deep to be agreeable, either to man or beast.

The grand ruin looked just as it did in December, but, strange to say, the flowers in and around it were much less conspicuous. Then one of its courts was quite filled with the rare English plant *Inula Crithmoides*, the golden samphire, while on the ridge of El Dustrey the crocuses were very abundant, and here and there the tall white spike of the medicinal squill rose from amongst them.

To-day the golden samphire, the crocuses, and the squill were all out of bloom. The plant which chiefly caught the eye, in the immediate neighbourhood of the buildings,

was the cheerful but not very interesting *Senecio vernalis*, amidst which, here and there, were little patches of the always lovely blue pimpernel.

After some delay we moved on to the southward, along the line followed by Cœur de Lion on his march to Jaffa, soon finding ourselves in a long *allée*, carpeted by green grass and springing barley, which ran between a low line of sandhills on the right and the nearly equally low limestone ridge, on which the fort of El Dustrey was placed, upon the left.

Everywhere, on either side of the path and in the path itself, was the little blue Iris already mentioned, and the scarlet anemones were likewise very numerous.

At length the lovely *allée* expanded into a small plain, the sand hills retreating on the right, while the horizon in front of us was cut by some seventeen or eighteen scattered palms, and we passed, on the left, immediately under the false Sarepta and the false Capernaum of mediæval legend already alluded to.

Soon, wheeling sharply to the right, we came to the ruined ruins of Dor, the southernmost possession of the Phœnicians. One fragment of these, probably of Crusading times, which stands on a piece of land almost cut off from the continent by a deep gully, is very conspicuous up and down the coast.

We rode sufficiently near to see it well, and then, de-

scending into the pretty little bay over which it rises, passed through the modern village of Tantûra, traversed a large extent of arable land, and, crossing a stream, rose through pleasant scenery, which brought to me odd and indistinct reminiscences of Scotland on the one hand, and of Mount Abu on the other, to the Jewish colony of Zimmarim, seeing on the way both the blue and white anemone, so common on the further side of Haïfa, but of which, till just the end of our ride, I had not all to-day seen a single specimen.

We found our tents pitched on high ground, with the sea in front and the so-called "Breezy Land" behind. When I left my own quarters to go to the dining tent, I was not a little delighted to find myself once more in presence of the zodiacal light, and the stars after dinner were certainly not inferior to those of Guindy, though I can hardly say the same of the temperature.

10. Later, it began to blow half a gale from the east, and as our tents were in an exposed spot we had a lively time of it. We were not in the saddle till after eight this morning, when we picked our way down the rugged track which leads from Zimmarim to the banks of the Crocodile river, a slow, deep, Campagna-looking stream, which we crossed by a bridge of a single arch.

We had not left it many minutes behind, when, on the edge of a branch of it, now dry, I saw something which

attracted my attention, and, riding up close, found that the very first plant which had caught my eye on the Plain of Sharon proper, which we had just entered, was nothing more nor less than a very pretty and sweet-scented white rose. A variety of plants have been deemed entitled to the honour of being the Rose of Sharon, but the rose itself has of late been quite "out of it," for the learned say that the plant which we translate rose must have been a bulb of some kind.

Ere long we came to a belt of sand hills, but interspersed with them were many lovely stretches of turf dotted amongst other things with a French-grey lupine, and a plant which, if it was not *Echium violaceum*, was certainly a very lovely violet *Echium*.

Soon the sandhills became covered with a thick growth of *Pistacia lentiscus*, of which there would soon be a forest in this neighbourhood if it were only properly conserved, and this extended nearly to Cæsarea, for which we were making.

Presently we turned aside to look at the remains of Herod's Circus, where huge fragments of granite columns still lie in desolation, useful to no creature save the bushes of *Anagyris fœtida*, which make their huge bulk a shelter against the wind.

This had scarcely been passed when we found ourselves close to the fortifications of the Crusading town which

occupied a mere fraction of the more ancient one of which Eusebius was Bishop.

As I have mentioned above, the place has been handed over to Bosnian colonists; but of these we saw at most only one. The few inhabitants who were about belonged to the ordinary population of this country.

The Crusading walls have been used as the foundations of many of the new houses—which is at least better than pulling them down and selling them for what they will fetch, as has been done at Athlît and so many other places; but the new town which is being laid out on this site must be a painful subject of reflection to the archæologist, who knows that under it lie, so to speak, a Crusading formation, a Muhammadan formation, a Byzantine formation, a Roman formation, a Herodian formation, and, in all probability, a pre-Herodian formation as well.

After we had seen what little Cæsarea had to show, we rode off in the direction of Tantûra, and then struck across the sand dunes, here even better covered with lentisk thickets than where we had passed in the morning. After many pleasant paths through green spaces, where *Senecio vernalis* and a low-growing form of our ox-eye daisy were in great profusion, we disengaged ourselves from the Arab encampments, and forded a deep branch of the Crocodile river, crossing another branch of it by a great masonry dyke of the late Roman age, through which ran the water

pipes by which Cæsarea used to be supplied. Then falling into our morning's route, we passed through a good store of white and blue anemones, now reinforced by great numbers of the delicate rose-pink *Linum pubescens*, which had not opened its flowers when we passed early in the day. By three o'clock we were back in Zimmarim.

A very still night was a great relief. It had been promised by the sun going down into the Mediterranean, as I have seen it do among the Greek Isles, but as it happens, not yet in Palestine, unobscured by a single cloud.

The morning was delightful, and in the open ground near our camp were many flowers, of which it will be enough to note the first *Astragalus*—a genus especially important in this country—which I have seen since I landed, and a large and exceedingly pretty *Erodium*.

11. After a visit to the director, who gave me the latest facts relative to the curious experiment which is being conducted under the auspices of the Rothschilds at Zimmarim, we visited the synagogue, where the leisure portion of the community, or a part of it, was engaged, just as was the case nineteen hundred years ago, in praying on behalf of the rest. One aged Russian was pointed out to me as the father of the doctor. The old gentleman had on his forehead a frontlet of strange shape. It was no other than the famous Phylactery, and this excellent person had broadened his with a vengeance! I follow Smith's Dictionary in

supposing that it was not the Phylactery proper or the strip of parchment which was broadened, but the case in which the Phylactery proper was kept.

The Phylactery proper is a sort of amulet, consisting of certain texts, which are written out with many precautions, and enclosed in the case I have mentioned. The whole article is well worth reading, full of curious learning. Some Rabbis, it appears, thought that the Almighty Himself wore these remarkable appendages. Anthropomorphism could hardly have gone beyond that!

By nine o'clock we were well on our way, and having descended by a breakneck path to the plains, hugged the base of the hills for some distance, striking thereafter diagonally across the green level till we got to El Dustrey, to which I climbed to examine the remains of the old Crusading fort.

Thence we pursued the road by which we drove to Athlît in December, until an opportunity occurred to diverge from it to the sands, which were in fine order for a gallop.

We came round the promontory below the lighthouse at half-past two, and were startled to see the Consular flags in the colony flying half-mast high. We pushed rapidly on, fearing to receive bad news of the Crown Prince, but learnt presently that it was the old Emperor who had gone to his rest.

I spent the afternoon with my wife, who was sketching

in the eastern olive wood. No domestic events had occurred in my absence, save the Evasion of the Chameleon (*Chameleo Vulgaris*), who had escaped from his box into the conservatory, turning at the same time from black to yellow, and the Invention of a leveret, a most attractive creature, who had already made himself very much at home.

We left Haïfa at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, my wife and Victoria being both now with me.

As far as Tell Keimûn, where the path descends from the chapel of Elijah's sacrifice, our route was precisely the same as that which I pursued, in the opposite direction, upon December 11th of last year. Now, however, the temperature was a good deal lower, and the country was extremely green.

Just before arriving at the point where the Kishon and the slopes of Carmel make the road narrowest, I saw for the first time the very handsome Labiate, *Eremostachys laciniata;* and soon afterwards a new Iris of a pale yellow colour, but very different from the one mentioned earlier in this year, appeared upon the scene.

We made our mid-day halt just beyond the Wady el-Milh (valley of salt), which separates Carmel from the less distinguished range of hills, which begin to border the great plain after it has been left behind. These are unlike the more famous mountain, entirely destitute of shrubs, wherever I saw them, but covered from base to summit

by soft grass, except where the naked rock shows through it.

They seem to receive a good deal of rain, and as we advanced we crossed numerous small streams descending from them, none, however, as powerful as that at the edge of which we passed the night, and which is used for turning several mills. This brook is, according to the usually received opinion, "the waters of Megiddo."

Our camp commanded a good, though distant, view of Nazareth, with the cliff absurdly called the Mount of the Precipitation between us and it. Tabor, Little Hermon, and Gilboa were all near and conspicuous objects.

I rose early on the 14th, and on leaving my tent found myself under the most lovely mackerel sky, flushed with rose pink, and a very few minutes after six the sun came finely over the Transjordanic hills.

We were on the road by seven, and wound along the edge of Esdraelon, crossing from time to time low spurs of the limestone range which leads up to an old centre of volcanic disturbance in the high eminence now known as Shêkh Iskander.

After about an hour we passed the site of Taanach, a strong village where the Canaanites were long able to resist the Israelite invaders. Close to this we passed a low, rocky mound, of which the *Eremostachys* had taken complete possession; and a little further on, amidst pleasant half-

English scenery, saw another characteristic Palestinian plant of this season—the beautiful dark blue and white *Lupinus pilosus*. Ere long we wheeled suddenly to the right, avoiding Jennin, and advanced through olive woods, passing under the village of Yâmôn.

A succession of easy and agreeable bridle-paths took us, with good views of Shêkh Iskander on the right, into the Plain of Arabeh, close to which lay Dothan, famous in the legends of Joseph and Elisha.

Beyond the hills to the left, but at no great distance, though out of sight, where the villages of Sânûr and Mithilia, both of which have been plausibly enough put forward as the Bethulia which figures in the historical romance of Judith.

At length, near the prosperous village of Sileh, which is surrounded by orchards of fig, almond, and apricot, we came upon a fine view of the Mediterranean, looking down over much the same country over which one looked up from Zimmarim. From the neighbourhood of Sileh onwards the road became very bad, but we reached our camping ground at Samaria in time to walk about it, and to inspect what remains of Herod's Colonnade, before evening fell.

Near the village of Anaza, where we rested for lunch, my wife brought me *Veronica Syriaca*, which I had not seen, and which, as she truly said, looks as if it had been fashioned

by some one who wanted to make our English Speedwell, but found that he had not sufficient material.

The thunder growled all through the night, and soon after three in the morning a furious tempest burst over the camp, where we were imprisoned for the next twelve hours.

After that the weather improved, and we were able to visit the spot which has, since the days of Jerome—but probably without any good reason—been venerated as the tomb of John the Baptist. Thence a ride of less than an hour carried us into the fine Valley of Nablous, near the edge of which *Lupinus pilosus* was growing in huge masses —decidedly the finest piece of flower effect I have yet observed in this country.

The Valley of Nablous is really fertile—that is, it would be considered so in regions far more favoured than Palestine — thanks to the abundance of water at the command of the peasantry. Here also they are making what, if it is ever finished, will be what is understood by a "road" in a civilised country. The valley is full of olives, on which was growing in great abundance a Viscum, very like our English species, but, unlike it, with red berries.

We passed the night of the 15th at Nablous, the ancient Shechem, and visited in the morning the Samaritan synagogue, where the usual mystifications were gone

through, and the usual false statements made, by the Heads of that interesting race, now reduced to about one hundred and thirty persons.

The town itself, with its dark passages alternating gloom with sunshine, seemed to me more interesting than anything these people either showed or could have shown.

As we rode off when this performance was over, one could not help thinking that the natural and proper capital of Palestine was here. Probably the close neighbourhood of Gerizim, which rises to the south, and of the even loftier Ebal, which rises to the north, both of them commanding the town, made Shechem unsuitable for a political centre in an age of constant war.

We had hardly left the valley properly so called, and entered upon the great adjoining plain of the Mukhna, when we diverged from the road to visit the reputed tomb of Joseph. Far more interesting than it is the little village of Askar, on the hillside identified with the ancient Sychar and Jacob's Well, which is hardly, if at all, surpassed in the sacredness of the associations attached to it by any site in Palestine.

It is of it that Renan says, so well:—

"Femme, crois-moi, lui répondit Jesus, l'heure est venue où l'on n'adorera plus, ni sur cette montagne, ni à Jérusalem, mais où les vrais adorateurs adoreront le Père en esprit et en vérité."

"Le jour où il prononça cette parole il fut vraiment fils de

Dieu. Il dit pour la première fois le mot sur lequel reposera l'édifice de la religion éternelle. Il fonda le culte pur, sans date, sans patrie, celui que pratiqueront toutes les âmes élevées jusqu' à la fin du temps. Non-seulement sa religion, ce jour là, fut la bonne religion de l'humanité, ce fut la religion absolue ; et si d'autres planètes ont des habitants doués de raison et de moralité, leur religion ne peut être différente de celle que Jésus a proclamée près du puits de Jacob. L'homme n'a pu s'y tenir ; car on n'atteint l'idéal qu'un moment. Le mot de Jésus a été un éclair dans une nuit obscure, il a fallu dix-huit cents ans pour que les yeux de l'humanité (que dis-je ! d'une portion infiniment petite de l'humanité) s'y soient habitués. Mais l'éclair deviendra le plein jour, et, après avoir parcouru tous les cercles d'erreurs, l'humanité reviendra à ce mot-là, comme à l'expression immortelle de sa foi et de ses espérances."

Hill and valley alternated without disclosing anything which I need record here, till we stopped for rest at the ruined Khan of Lubban, which stands near the Lebonah of the Book of Judges, still an inhabited village. Nothing could exceed the ugliness of the valley on which we looked down, unredeemed as it was by even a growing crop, for it had not yet been sown this year. After leaving it we made a considerable détour through really hideous scenery, to visit the site of Shiloh, where the Tabernacle was believed to have long stood. It is difficult to understand how such a place, even in a country which has so little to show in the way either of beauty or grandeur, should have been selected as the religious centre. We regained our route across a relatively well cultivated plain on which Shiloh

looked down, and whose proximity must have been the only recommendation of that place.

Twilight had nearly come when we reached our tents, which had been pitched at a lonely spot named, and well named as we had occasion to discover, Ain-el-Haramiyeh—the Fountain of the Thieves, our camp having been visited in the middle of the night by some of that fraternity, who were, however, surprised before they obtained any booty of value.

It was curious to have seen in one day three places connected with such a totally different set of religious associations as Jacob's Well, Mount Gerizim, and Shiloh: the first representing their highest possible embodiment; the second, with its strange and barbarous Passover sacrifice, taking us back to the Temple at Jerusalem; and the third belonging to a period when the presence of the tribal God of Israel was supposed to be attached in some peculiar manner to the National Palladium known as the Ark. Shiloh never recovered the loss of it to the Philistines.

I had thought that the spring was rather late at Haïfa, having regard to what I saw last year on the 2nd of January in the neighbourhood of Jaffa; but our journey of the 16th took us through a region where it was very much less advanced. Things, however, became much worse when we passed out of Samaria and the possessions of Ephraim to the

dreary uplands of Benjamin. There the Flora was wretchedly meagre, alike in the number of species and of individual plants.

We caught our first view of Jerusalem—a very distant one—from Bethel, a truly frightful spot, the chief characteristics of which are the extraordinary masses of limestone rock lying upon the ground like nothing but the pillows of giants, and reminding one strangely of the legend which connects it with Jacob's dream. I had not grasped the fact that Jeroboam's southern religious capital, where the tribal God of Israel was worshipped under the form of a calf, was within sight of Jerusalem, where already a more worthy method of thinking of the Divine had received official sanction.

We halted in the middle of the day near Ramah, sheltering ourselves as best we could against a fierce, though happily not cold, gale which was blowing from the west, and came down past the village which still recalls the name of Jehoshaphat, to the Damascus gate. We had some difficulty in choosing our camping ground, but at length found a suitable spot on the edge of the Mount of Olives, within five minutes' walk of the garden of Gethsemane.

22. We left Jerusalem this morning. I had returned thither merely to show it to my wife and Victoria, but I refreshed some of my own recollections and did a few new things, which I note.

On the 18th we went to the Benediction at Notre Dame de Sion, and climbed afterwards with the Mother Superior to the top of the building, which commands one of the best views in the city. On the same day we sat long in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, watching the devotions of the Russian pilgrims; and later, my wife read aloud in the Garden of Gethsemane *The Christian Year* for the Monday before Easter, which is specially appropriate to the place, and, to my thinking, one of the finest poems in the collection. It is that which begins:—

"'Father to me Thou art, and Mother dear,
And Brother too, kind Husband of my heart'—
So speaks Andromache, in boding fear,
Ere from her last embrace her hero part—
So evermore, by Faith's undying glow,
We own the crucified in weal or woe.
Strange to our ears the church bells of our home,
The fragrance of our old paternal fields
May be forgotten; and the time may come
When the babe's kiss no sense of pleasure yields
Even to the doting mother: but Thine own
Thou never canst forget, nor leave alone."

On the 19th we rode to Bethlehem. It chanced to be St. Joseph's day, and we were present at the High Mass in the Latin Monastery.

On the 20th we received the Communion in the chapel of Abraham's sacrifice, which forms part of the buildings of the Holy Sepulchre in the occupation of the Greeks, and

was lent for the purpose by the Patriarch. The celebrant was Mr. Spicer, an English clergyman born in Australia, with whom we fell in the other day at Samaria; there was no one present save his wife and ourselves. After the ceremony we all walked over the Temple enclosure.

When I was last at Jerusalem I saw Bethany under morning light; on the 20th I saw it in the evening, which suited it much better. Nothing could be lovelier than the distant view of the Jordan Valley and the Moab Mountains.

On the 21st I went with the Archimandrite Stephanos to see the Greek Patriarch who was residing some way from Jerusalem at Katamon, the legendary site of the House of Simeon, and on the way back to the city passed the Monastery of the Place of the Cross, which I had not previously seen.

The same day I went to visit the Pasha, whose acquaintance I made in December 1886, had a long talk with Mr. Moore, and spent an hour with Dr. Schick, the German architect, who, with infinite ingenuity, has constructed models of the Solomonic and Herodian temples.

Our encampment being exactly on the opposite side of Jerusalem from the Annexe to the Mediterranean Hotel, known as the Bishop's House, which I occupied at Christmas, 1886, enabled me to see many things from a new point of view.

Nothing could be more lovely than the weather, and the

effect of the sun gradually lighting up the city, the cross on the top of the Holy Sepulchre being the first object to catch the light, was not to be forgotten. I shall always connect with our camp on the Mount of Olives a pretty little yellow *Hypecoum* which was abundant round it. My wife brought it to me for the first time at Ramah; I had never before fallen in with this curious genus of the poppy family.

Having been provided with the usual Arab escort, we moved away shortly after ten o'clock, and, passing slowly between the village and the fountain of Siloam, soon turned our backs upon the Holy City and wound along the dry Kidron Valley. Very dry it was, but the slopes were not quite as bare of vegetation as I expected. The most conspicuous plant was the yellow *Ononis*, which I found in January 1887. After about a couple of hours we halted in the shade of a great rock, under which the maiden hair was growing plentifully, starved and withered, it is true, for the season in Southern Palestine has been far drier than in the North. Round the same spot I found the scarlet anemones nearly over, and the tall asphodel almost quite so, but a handsome *Anchusa* was in full flower, as were the blue pimpernel, *Podonosma Syriacum*, a white *Allium*, and, more sparingly, the Star of Bethlehem. All the same, the neighbourhood would be much the better for the river of Ezekiel's vision!

During the second half of our ride there was nothing to observe, save the Bedouin encampments and an exceptionally picturesque well, where many of their inhabitants were watering their flocks. At length, after we had been about four hours out, we turned to the right and passed, with the deep gorge of the Valley of Fire on our left, to the Monastery of Mar Saba.

This would be an interesting spot if there clung round it any of the associations which give such a charm to places like Subiaco or the Grande Chartreuse. There is nothing, however, of this kind, and it has little to recommend it but its strangeness and its position at the world's end.

I do not think I should have gone thither unless I had expected to see the jackals fed by the Monks, and the black and yellow grackle, *Amydrus Tristramii*, flying about. In both these objects, however, I was disappointed. The jackals were fed at an inconvenient hour, and the birds have, as the Monks truly or falsely asserted, been driven away by the increased number of persons who have lately passed through these wilds.

On the 23rd we had to make an early move, and, traversing regions where the vegetation had a very desert character and where I would fain have lingered to make collections, reached, after more than four hours, the great depression in which lies the Dead Sea.

I found the bridle-paths far better than I had expected,

and there was one stretch of ground where we were able to have a long canter.

We saw to the north the Sanctuary of Neby Musa, where a great Mahomedan festival takes place in April, and in a deep ravine I came suddenly upon a magnificent *Orobanch*, like a flaming torch, which I think I can be hardly wrong in supposing to be *Phelipæa lutea*.

I had not been prepared to find that the streams which descend the Wadys had cut such tremendously deep channels as they have in the silt of the Jordan Valley. In one of these, which we crossed on our way to the Dead Sea, *Retama roetam* had grown into a tree, and very lovely it must have been before it went out of flower.

I paid the waters of the beautiful Lake Asphaltites, for it *is* beautiful, the compliment of tasting them, and most horrid they are; but was not tempted to bathe.

There is nothing attractive between them and the thickets of Jordan. It is a waste of marl, haunted amongst other evil things, by an odious little creature like the South Indian eye-fly, whose special weakness, however, is getting into your ear.

I should have bathed in the Jordan if we had had it to ourselves, but unluckily our arrival at the bathing-place coincided with that of a perfect horde of travellers, and we fled higher up the stream to a point where it ran like a mill race. There we spent some time in a thicket more like an

Indian jungle than anything I have seen since I went out of Bombay harbour.

After leaving it we made for our tents, which had been pitched on the extreme western side of the plain close to the fountain known as Ain es Sultan, the site I suppose of the Jericho of the "Conquest." The Jericho of the New Testament is thought to have been a little further to the south.

The modern village of Er-Riha, which preserves the name of Jericho, appears to date from the twelfth century only. Quite close to it must have been the ancient Gilgal.

A fine object in approaching Ain es Sultan was the Quarantania, associated with the legend of the Temptation. It is interesting to know that the top of this mountain, from which all the kingdoms of the world were visible, is actually lower than the surface of the Mediterranean.

24. A very trying march, hotter than anything I ever felt in India, for in that country one does not travel on horseback right through the day, took us to the mouth of the Wady Fârah; there was little to see on our route, which lay over the bare open surface of the Jordan Valley. Four weeks ago the grass must have been green, but already it was quite burnt up, and the Bedouins had gone higher to find pasture for their flocks.

Here and there was a little oasis where water came down

from the hills, and one saw what fertility would be called into life by a canal brought from the Lake of Gennesaret, parallel to the Jordan; but, as it was, by far the most conspicuous plant was a small, shrivelled, and very curious *Statice*.

We stopped for rest on the site of Phasaelis, and wondered why Herod had ever built at such a spot, or imagined that the town which he constructed could be an acceptable present to his sister, or any one else.

To the north of Phasaelis rises to the height of some 2400 feet above the valley the remarkable cone of the Surtabeh, a point so conspicuous that one would have expected to find it making a great figure in history, which, however, though not unknown to the *Talmud*, it does not do.

Just as we were getting to our camping ground I saw, planted in an orchard of *Zizyphus* trees which had been formed along a stream, a tall *Calotropis* like a much exaggerated specimen of my Madras friend, the Mudar. This could be nothing else than "the Osher," which some persons identify with the apple of Sodom, but, unfortunately, it was not in fruit.

The *Solanum Sanctum*, which used to be promoted to that honour, I saw in some abundance at Er-Riha yesterday.

To-day we came upon a great company of storks, which

appeared to be discussing the question whether the time had not come for migrating to the north, but of the Sunbirds of Jericho we have not seen one, nor am I quite certain whether a fruit which I yesterday gathered is that from which the so-called false balm of Gilead is made.[1] The true or ancient balm of Gilead is supposed to have been the product of the *Balsamodendron Gileadense* which was once cultivated with great care near Jericho, but has not been discovered in that neighbourhood. The false or modern balm of Gilead is the *Balanites Ægyptiaca*, which is still grown to some extent there.

25. Breaking up our camp at the mouth of the Wady Fârah, we soon plunged into a very picturesque and formidable defile. This we followed for a considerable time, rising and falling thereafter through a somewhat more open region, till we passed a high *côl* and came down through olive woods to Jačob's Well and Nablous.

It was interesting to find the name of Sâlim, the village near Aenon where John was baptising, still in use. The waters by which we were encamped last night were finding their way to the Jordan from that historical spot which has not, I think, been very long identified.

The Jordan Valley when we left it was full of the haze of heat, and in some of the defiles which we traversed we met strange and violent blasts which seemed to come

[1] I found later at Kew that my guess was correct.

from the mouth of a furnace; yet when we reached Nablous a furious and cold west wind was hurrying clouds along the face of Ebal and Gerizim, as I have seen it do at the same season along the face of the Pyrenees.

The botanical sensation of our ride was the finding of what must surely have been the parent form of the cultivated hollyhock.

In the late afternoon I climbed Gerizim, in spite of the wildness of the weather, and reached the scene of the Samaritan Passover, of which a full account is given by Dean Stanley in one of the Appendices to his *Sermons in the East.*

Asphodeline lutea was sufficiently abundant to be always linked in my mind with a headlong scramble in the rapidly fading light and swirling mists of the Mount of Blessing. Such an expedition had better become its opposite neighbour.

26. From Nablous we followed down the whole length of its pleasant valley, keeping along the line of the new road which, as I have mentioned above, is in course of construction. At length the olives were replaced by the barley, which gives its Arabic name to the whole of the Wady. Growing along the edges of the fields in numbers numberless was the lovely little Venus's looking-glass.

Nearly where it meets the great Plain of Sharon we left the Barley Valley, and, changing our direction from west

to north, passed on by paths which overlooked a fine, well-cultivated district dominated by frequent villages strongly situated upon heights, to Burka, a place quite out of the usual track of Palestinian travel, where we passed the night.

We left Burka and its pretty girls, the prettiest I have seen in Palestine, before six o'clock, and took our way to the northward, over excellent riding-paths, and across a country which might have been any unenclosed portion of Central France or Germany. In about a couple of hours we came to a charming region where the Valonia oak, now clothed with its young leaves, was dotted about as in a park, and I beheld at last the beautiful *Styrax* in full blossom.

We crossed many tiny streams which unite to form the Crocodile river and come from the other side of the same hills which send down the waters of Megiddo.

No flower was perhaps quite so common along our path as the pretty *Linum pubescens* which some travellers take for a phlox, but all phloxes are, to the best of my belief, plants of the New World, and they belong to a different family, that of the *Polemoniaceæ*, the type of which is the Greek Valerian of our gardens. I saw fully out for the first time *Acanthus Syriacus*, a much more aggressive and less graceful plant than the *mollis* of Italy, which I always connect with my visit to Pæstum in 1851.

This is decidedly the most attractive piece of country I have seen in the Holy Land, a great relief, indeed, after the ghastly Judæa. Verily the lines of Manasseh fell in pleasant places! Yet how little do we hear about that tribe, which must have been, at the time of the "Conquest," the most powerful section of the Beni Israel.

This ride brought home to me very forcibly the ease with which Central Palestine could be reached by an invading Egyptian army which did not care to avail itself of the coast route, and the fact that we encountered a caravan of camels returning to Damascus to take goods thence to Jaffa, reminded me that we were following for some hours an immemorial highway from Northern Syria to the Nile.

At length, after about half a dozen hours of riding, we found ourselves approaching from the south the peak of Elijah's Sacrifice, and made our mid-day halt, close to the mouth of the Wady el Milh, amongst some rocks pleasantly shaded by trees.

Thence we descended into our familiar plain of Esdraelon, which in the fortnight which has elapsed since we last crossed it, has greatly changed its appearance, owing chiefly to the enormous masses of *Chrysanthemum segetum* on either side of the way. That and another species with a more divided leaf were among the most conspicuous plants of the whole of our ride from Burka to the Kishon, but as

we approached the Pass, their gold was replaced by the primrose of a crucifer, not beautiful in itself, but beautiful as an element of the scenery.

The Pass itself was set with the tall blue spikes of the exquisite *Scilla hyacinthoides*, and the still reaches of the river were white with *Ranunculus aquatilis*.

Before five o'clock in the afternoon we were once more in Haïfa.

28. I found several letters awaiting me, and some more arrived this morning.

Mr. Webster, of Edgehill, writes:—

"You glance in a sentence at Barbarossa's unknown grave in the great Church of Tyre, reminding me of the same fate that has befallen a countryman of our own—Claverhouse. All that can now be learned of his resting-place is that he was carried from the field of his victory at Killiecrankie to the, even then, old church of Blair-Athole, and interred inside it; but *where* is completely unknown, the site having been forgotten by the party whose hopes lie buried in his grave. I am anything but an admirer of John Grahame, but I was interested in his career and in his fate, and disappointed, when at Blair, to find no trace of his closing scene and extinction."

Dyer tells me that a plant very abundant here up to the beginning of this month, and which I could not determine, is *Bellevalia Romana*, now classed with the hyacinths, and adds that Baker pronounces the pale Iris which we collected on 3rd February to be *Xiphion Palæstinum*. The *Gagea* sent six weeks ago is, it seems, *reticulata;* and the first

Orchis which came out, and which I transmitted to Kew, was *papilionacea.*

30. *Robert Elsmere,* alluded to in these Notes for October last, reached me as we started for our recent journey. I began it by the waters of Megiddo, and have just finished it.

The sixteen pages which Mrs. Ward read to me at York House were a very fair sample of the best parts of this most remarkable book.

The first week of March was roughish here, but De Tabley writes from London on the 6th:—

"We are having a most cruel winter, which your wife has done well to absent herself from. In Derbyshire scenes of canine fidelity are enacted which would do credit to the St. Bernard. In Cheshire the hedges have ceased to be visible, being levelled up with snow-drift."

He sends, under date of 18th March, as dismal an account of English weather as on the 6th, and adds:—

"Did you see last week that New York had to communicate with Boston *viâ* London? If any one had prophesied such an event fifty years ago, we should have secluded him as a raving lunatic."

In the same letter he tells me that the commonest of all birds is—What? Not the sparrow! Not the rook! Not the starling! But—the "Fulmar petrel!"

April

4. I left Haïfa yesterday morning, and rode round the bay till I approached the Belus, when, instead of crossing that river at its mouth, I threaded my way amongst its mills and marshes, coming out behind the eminence from which Napoleon bombarded Acre.

Thence I traversed the plain which presented little of interest.

I saw again the french-grey *Lupine* of Cæsarea, and gathered a single specimen of a pretty yellow one; but flowers were neither numerous nor interesting.

At length came the first outworks of the hills, and our camp was pitched at a pleasant spot called El Kabry.

After a short halt there I mounted again, and soon struck a small stream, which I followed up its course through a valley which became ever narrower and narrower, ever greener and greener.

At length the Oriental plane of Constantinople, now in its tenderest leafage, began to take a very prominent place in the vegetation, and the hillsides had quite a European character.

Presently I turned a corner, and, right at the end of the valley I was threading, stood up the object of my search,

which was the great Crusading ruin—the Starkenberg of the Teutonic Knights.

It was Madame Renan who wrote to me about it, and who, after strongly advising me to visit it, said :—

"C'est là que fut tenu un chapitre de l'ordre dans lequel on décida que la conquète des Sarrasins de Palestine étant trop difficile, on irait conquérir et convertir les Sarrasins (les paiens) de la Prusse."

5. Leaving my wife, who had come to the conclusion that another journey like her last would be too fatiguing, I mounted my horse about half-past six o'clock, and, after some two hours of very quiet riding, was on the further side of the Kishon Ford.

There the Nazareth road turns off sharply to the right. My party, however, bore away to the left, and by half-past nine were ascending the Wady Malek, which makes a convenient passage through the Zebulon hills.

Conder praises its scenery, and I daresay it was pretty enough before such havoc was made amongst the Valonia woods. Now it is not more than sub-pretty.

By mid-day we were encamped in an olive-grove just below Sefuriyeh, which a tradition, of comparatively modern origin, but not in itself improbable, makes the birthplace of the Blessed Virgin.

There is no reason why we should wish it not to have been so, for it stands in a commanding position, is not

uglier than most Palestinian villages, and enjoys a wide prospect over hill and dale. From it we turned down into the great level of the Buttauf, and moved on past various places of little importance, though with one of them are connected stories about the future appearance of the Messiah.

Now we are encamped on the opposite side of the plain from Kana el-Jelîl, but can see a fire burning there or close to it. Near Kana el-Jelîl, but not visible from any part of our route, is Jêfât, the Jotopata of Josephus. A village near it, which we did see, is supposed to occupy the site of Asochis, which gave its name in old days to what we now call the Buttauf.

Few plants of interest caught my eye to-day. On the eastern side of Haïfa a scarlet poppy had taken the place of the blue anemones of six weeks ago; further on I observed a large and striking, but by no means beautiful, mauve *Allium*. Within the folds of Wady Malek the *Scilla Hyacinthoides* was abundant, and a tall *Verbascum* was just opening its first flowers.

A whole hillside painted greyish blue with the foliage and flowers of an *Echium* was a novel sight to me.

6. The camp broke up at half-past five, and our way lay for about an hour along the edge of the rich basaltic plain of the Buttauf.

Then we crossed a very low pass in the limestone hills

which bound its eastern end, and came down through thickets, in which a honeysuckle was conspicuous, into a lovely upland basin full of cereal crops about half grown. As we rose out of this by a steep ascent to a village, the name of which was given to me as Mansura, we caught a glimpse of the Lake of Gennesaret, which we continued to see from time to time throughout the afternoon; even more constantly present to us was the traditional Mount of the Beatitudes.

Much the most agreeable portion of the whole of our day's journey came when, on the northern side of the hill of Mansura, we dipped down into a valley full of olives, and found ourselves in a thicket composed chiefly of the *Quercus pseudococcifera* in full blossom, delightfully contrasted with the rose-coloured *Cistus villosus* in considerable, and the white *Cistus Salviæfolius* in immense, abundance. Just as we were admiring these a large eagle, skimming quietly over them and us, alighted in an adjoining field.

We made our twelve o'clock halt in what had once been a fine Valonia wood, in which the charcoal burners had been doing their wicked will.

Not far off, between us and the Lake of Gennesaret, must have been the site of Chorazin.

All around was growing a singularly pretty blue branched *Orobanch*, the *ramosa* which I found a day or two ago on the Plain of Haïfa. That family was yesterday also much with

us, but then it was represented by a white unbranched species.

The *Linum pubescens*, mentioned a few pages back, made a lovely carpet to the thicket I have just described, and a yellow *Linum* as well as a yellow rock-rose—as to the species of both of which I am doubtful—were also important features in the floral wealth of to-day.

I ought to state that I have at length come across a specimen of the ill-used *Quercus pseudococcifera* allowed to grow into a tree. I saw this just after crossing the thicket of the eagle. Few would imagine, who know it only as a mere shrub, that it becomes, if protected from men, goats, and other destructive agencies, a true forest giant.

From the scene of our noon-day halt we descended into a deep gorge, and rose from it by a very long and dreary ascent, which was swept by a furious wind, to the town of Safed. We were in our tents by three o'clock, and soon afterwards the Doctor of a Mission to the Jews here called and took me to see the view from the Castle. On our way thither he pointed out the site of Jish, the ancient Giscala, whence St. Paul's family *perhaps*, and the too notorious John of Giscala *certainly*, came. He also showed me Meirôn nestling at the back of Jebel Jermak—the mountain on whose southern side we look on clear days from Haïfa. Shammai and Hillel are both, it is said, buried there, and

the former, as being the least worthy of it, of course receives the greatest share of honour.

I called on Mr. Friedmann, the missionary, an intelligent Russian Jew, from the neighbourhood of Kieff, who has become a naturalised British subject. I asked him when the Jews settled in Safed? "After their expulsion from Spain," was his reply. "They settled here at first by a kind of accident, chiefly on account of the fineness of the climate, the abundance of the water, and the cheapness of the fruit." He told me also that the Jewish tradition is, that in the fulness of time, Elijah will appear on the top of Jebel Jermak, and that his appearance will be immediately followed by that of the Messiah at the same spot.

He took me to see the Head of the Jewish Community in Safed, a fine old patriarch who might have made his fortune as a model. We could not stay long, as the sunset of Friday evening was approaching, and the Sabbath was about to begin. As we left the house a woman of the family was engaged in blessing the lamps.

8. On the night of the 6th a thunderstorm of extreme violence broke over Safed, and raged for many hours, accompanied by wind of cyclonic force. A few minutes before two in the morning the whole of our tents were blown down; but "on ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime," and our adventures at Safed were not sufficiently agreeable to be further recorded.

The enforced delay, however, which was caused by the catastrophe, enabled me yesterday to go with Mr. Friedmann and the Doctor to see the view from Jebel Canaan, which I should probably not otherwise have seen.

It would be difficult to speak of it too highly. Under ordinary circumstances, it extends along the Jordan Valley from Hermon, if not to the Quarantania at least to very near it; but yesterday the weather being still disturbed, Hermon was robed in thick clouds, and my sight ranged to the southward only about I suppose as far as the mouth of the pass which we ascended to Nablous.

I saw, however, perfectly, the whole of the Lake of Gennesaret, the waters of Merom, the Castle of Safed, the Mount of the Beatitudes, the range of Jebel Jermak, which comes next to Hermon in height, the fine country through which we travelled on the 6th, the hills of Nazareth, little Hermon, Tabor, Carmel, and the mountains of Samaria.

It would not be easy to comprehend more places of first-rate historical importance in one prospect. I need hardly add that we saw for miles and miles over the country to the east of the Lake of Gennesaret.

I bought at Safed a phylactery and the not less curious Tephilim, which last are bound, during certain ceremonies, round the left arm in a strange cat's-cradle fashion. I saw also what looked, at first sight, nothing but an engraving of Queen Esther in her royal robes. The figure, however,

was entirely formed by the whole book which bears her name, in Hebrew characters. A not less remarkable religious toy was a portrait of, I think, Shammai, mentioned above, which contained, written after a similar fashion, but in Chaldaic, the whole of one of his works.

We left Safed this morning, and reached Banias after a forced march of twelve hours, which took us for many miles along the heights bordering the Jordan Valley upon the west. The path runs at first over high downs partially cultivated, and, where in a state of nature, bearing little except *Poterium Spinosum*. I observed amongst it another fine *Astragalus*, not unlike the one mentioned above, but with less luxuriant foliage, and white, not yellow, flowers.

Dotted along the road were villages of Algerian colonists, Circassian colonists, Metawileh and Druses.

It seems to be thought that the site of Hazor, which figures in the Books of Joshua and Judges, was near the fine gorge of the Wady Hendaj.

At length we arrived at a pretty upland plain over which once rose Kadesh Napthali, probably a holy place long before Hebrew days, recalling both the great city of the Hittites on the Orontes and Kadytis, the name by which Jerusalem was known to Herodotus. Hermon, on the opposite or eastern side of the valley, is, as seen from Kadesh, a superb object. It is a pity we know so little of the history of so grandly situated a place.

After Kadesh we passed through some extremely pretty thickets, where the cyclamen, long since over at Haïfa, was flowering abundantly, and came down on the large ugly middle age fortress of Hunin, whence a long steep descent brought us to the Jordan Valley. At length we crossed by a stone bridge, guiltless of parapets, the rapid turbid stream of the Hasbâny, which some consider to be the true Jordan.

It takes less than an hour to pass the plain from this bridge to Tell el Kadi, the ancient Dan, where from under a thick tangle of wild fig trees gushes another claimant for the honour of being the source of the Jordan.

A gradual slope of between four and five hundred feet carries one from this point through pleasant woods, where the Valonia oak and the Styrax vie in importance with the *Pistacia Palestina*, the Terebinth of travellers, far the finest specimen of which I have seen is at Tell el Kadi.

Near that place I saw one of the Ansariyeh, the only specimen of the race whom I have come across. He was a shepherd, and alas! by no means recalled the charming Queen, who figures in the pleasant nonsense of *Tancred*.

These strange people have two villages in this immediate neighbourhood.

9. We slept at Banias and climbed this morning to yet a third source of the Jordan, and one which was consecrated by Greek religion to the god Pan, whose name

survives amongst the people in Banias, whilst Cæsarea Philippi is clean forgotten except in books.

When we had seen this very important and historic spring, we rose, I suppose a thousand feet, to the grand castle of es Subebeh, which dominates all this region. One must really come to Syria to see how fine a mediæval stronghold could be. From it there is a very noble view, much and justly praised in the guide-books, but, after all, not to be compared with that from Jebel Canaan.

The new object I saw from this place which interested me most, was another great Crusading fortress—Belfort, which, planted upon the Lebanon side of the valley, looks across to es Subebeh, planted on an eminence forming part of the outworks of Hermon, and thus belonging to the Anti-Libanus system.

I should not take leave of the Castle of es Subebeh without saying that I had on the way to it a good view of the miserable little crater-pond which has been called Lake Phiala.

Very much more important than it is Lake Huleh, the waters of Merom; but it also, anyhow at a distance, is a disappointing object; when I first saw it from Jebel Canaan, Faber's line about—

"Bleak Carnarvon's small un-wooded lakes,"

came into my mind; but yesterday I saw the huge

marshes to the north of it, which give it a very different character.

A long and weary ascent took us from the Castle of es Subebeh into the Damascus track, which passes behind Hermon, for the most part over a grim wilderness of basalt, contrasting strangely with the limestone hideousness of Hermon. I beg his pardon, but he does not gain by a closer acquaintance, at least as seen from behind. Yesterday, at a distance, from Kadesh Napthali, he was glorious, as I have admitted; to-day, seen from the south-east, he was really too frightful. The whole of the pass through which we toiled this forenoon reminded me of nothing but the very ugliest parts of the high Alps. At length we came down upon relatively level ground, and crossing a bright river like a Scotch trout stream, saluted it as one of the principal sources of the Pharpar of old renown.

It was just on the Damascus side of it that, after a day very barren as far as flowers were concerned, I gathered for the first time the beautiful Amaryllidaceous plant for which I have been on the look-out, *Ixiolirion montanum*.

I ought not to forget that the ugly pass I have been speaking of was redeemed from utter desolation in places by the presence of the English daisy, which I had not yet seen in Syria. Strangely enough, too, only here have I seen the tulip, since I saw it exactly a month ago on our

road to Tantûra. It was starved and unhappy, but there was the plant.

10. Hermon, as seen this morning from Kefr Hawar in the light of the early dawn, had recovered to some extent his powers of illusion, and looked imposing enough. From that place a long succession of wholly uninteresting ups and downs led us to another branch of the Pharpar at the considerable village of Katana.

At Katana commences a really very decent carriage road, and I had expected the desert to commence too; but, at least at this season, the oasis character of Damascus is somewhat obscured by the operations of the agriculturist, who, trusting to the spring rains, sows down a very considerable amount of the desert with corn, and gets apparently quite respectable crops off it.

Considerable spaces, however, are still left untouched by the hand of man, and enable one to see what the effect must have been when Kinglake passed this way in summer. As it was, even to-day there was a most painful glare, and as we moved slowly towards the wooded province which conceals Damascus, I had ample leisure to recall the story of St. Paul's conversion.

The chances are, I think, that it must have taken place somewhat to the right of the road which I followed, as he would naturally, coming from Jerusalem, have taken the shortest route across the Jaulan. Various places distant

from each other have been pointed out as the place with no less confidence than if we had as minute contemporary accounts of the locality as we have, for example, with reference to the scene of the conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne, which forms the most exact parallel to that of St. Paul with which I am acquainted. I do not think that it is necessary to imagine a thunderstorm or anything of the sort to have accompanied it. The tremendous mid-day sun of this part of the world, acting on a brain to the last degree excited, would, I think, sufficiently account for the vision which has been so fertile alike of good and evil.

We had been more than six hours in the saddle before we passed the gorge where the Barada, the ancient Abana, comes out of the hills to do its blessed work of fertilisation. No sooner does it appear than the so-called gardens of Damascus begin, filled where we entered them more especially with walnuts. Amidst their pleasant mazes we wandered, for some little time, before we came out upon the broad open space (down which the main stream of the river is conducted in a long masonry conduit), and reached at length the Hotel Dimitri.

Both yesterday and to-day I had many instructive views of the Jaulan, the ancient Bashan, seeing from behind the volcanic range which I mentioned in writing of Tiberias, having a good though very distant view of

the ancient Trachonitis, islanded amidst the great level, and of the Black Mountain which separates the plain of Damascus from the Haurân.

12. Well! I have now seen pretty fairly this famous city, and, without entering into details, may put down a few impressions.

In the first place then, all that the Barada does is well done. The proceedings remind me curiously of those of the Tambrapoorney. I do not know, by the way, whether the Barada ever flows through the Serai as the most hard-working and meritorious of South Indian rivers, when in a playful mood, occasionally does through the drawing-room of the Collector of Tinnevelly.

In the next place, the gardens of Damascus are not gardens in our sense of the word; they are rather orchards, meadows, fields, and neglected shrubberies. It was in this last capacity that they suggested one of the most delightful pages in *Eothen*. The great Mosque is only impressive from its size. Those who wish to receive the most favourable impression of what Islam can do, need see, so far as I am aware, three of its shrines only: the Jumma Musjid at Delhi, the Dome of the Rock of Jerusalem, and the Pearl Mosque at Agra, of which it is enough to say that it is worthy to be the neighbour of the Taj. I do not mention St. Sophia or El Aksa, for they are merely, like the Mosque here, accidentally Muhammadan. Islam has no better

right to take credit for them than we have for the Cathedral of Cordova.

No one should omit to ascend the Minaret. The view from it gives an excellent idea of the city and of its surroundings; but it revealed to me the horrible fact that they are roofing-in a large portion of the street called "Straight," with corrugated zinc or some such material. The effect is truly hideous.

The bazaars deserve all that has been said about their picturesqueness. Every few yards of many of them would make a separate and an admirable subject for a painter. On the other hand, I was much disappointed with their contents, and am driven to the conclusion that agents of the great bric-a-brac dealers in the cities of the West must periodically sweep away everything which is at all good. I saw very little claiming to be old which I should much care to have taken as a gift. The modern silks seem to me tolerably good, and not dear.

I went to the English cemetery to see the grave of Buckle, and to lay a rose upon it for the sake of his kind friend, Lady Reay, at whose house I met him, now more than a quarter of a century ago. That was the time when, suddenly emerging from his seclusion, he burst upon the London world. Few people knew him by sight, and I remember asking Owen what he looked like. I was startled when the great zoologist replied, "Like a young Gibbon," for I thought,

not unnaturally, considering the lips from which the remark fell, that the speaker was alluding to the Quadrumanous animal, but he explained that he meant the historian! Poor Buckle! I never cared very much for his writings, and thought him over-rated; but he might have accomplished much more considerable things had he not died at forty.

The English cemetery here is a wretched ill-cared-for place, overgrown with weeds. It is situated not far from the spot where recently, in defiance of an older tradition, they have located the scene of St. Paul's conversion. How much pleasanter it would be to lie near the scene where the Great Apostle ended, than near where he began, his Christian career, for in all human probability one of the last objects upon which his eyes ever rested must have been the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, close to which is that lovely Protestant cemetery which would, I fancy, be to many persons dying in Rome, a stronger argument in favour of remaining Protestant than could be produced by many Chillingworths!

It was, by-the-by, to Lady Reay that Buckle addressed, on 1st May 1860, a remarkable letter, of which I have a copy, in which he mentioned what he considered were the most important and original writers. He made it very brief by striking out the great Physical and Mathematical works, because, as he observed, the truths in them are so cumulative that the latest work is usually the best.

They were the following:—

Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Dante, Bacon, Shakespeare, Descartes, Hobbes, Grotius, Locke, Berkeley, Kant, Brown on *Cause and Effect*, Comte's *Philosophie Positive*, Mill's *Logic*, Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Malthus on *Population*, Ricardo's *Political Economy*.

"And for the study of Human Nature," he added, "the greatest modern works of fiction are: *Don Quixote*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Goethe's *Faust*."

The weather was not very propitious to us when we climbed behind Salahiyeh to look across the plain, for a heavy haze overspread it, and this although the west wind which has teased us so much for the last week was blowing violently. I looked with most interest to the east in the direction of Palmyra, but saw nothing save a low line of hills far away, and already in the Great Desert which stretches towards Bagdad, whither, strange to say, an elderly French lady has just proceeded in a carriage, with artisans to repair the same when necessary, a large escort and all other requisites; doomed, I should think, to a month of as dull travelling as could easily be encountered.

The much be-praised "Interiors" seemed to me of very small account. As an Austrian, who visited some of them with me, remarked: "Everything connected with Damascus has been described in too optimistic a way." If my guide spoke truly, I saw everything much worth seeing

in this kind, save one very large and fine room which chanced not to be shown. I saw three Jewish, one Christian, and a Turkish house. A single little bit of wall in the latter, in which the Alhambra style had been fairly, not admirably, reproduced, was the only thing that gave me any pleasure.

An agreeable little incident occurred at Salahiyeh. I was enquiring for the house which had been occupied by the authoress of *The Inner Life of Syria*, when an Arab gentleman came forward, saying that he was the present owner, and invited us into it. It had evidently been much re-built, and, as I gather, improved of late years. The courtyard was better kept than any other we have seen here, and with its fountain, its tall cypresses, and its roses, including the only damask ones I saw at Damascus, was really a delicious place. The proprietor said he wished for nothing except to be young again.

I had proposed to have taken Baalbec on my way home, and had devoted to this extension of my journey the 13th, 14th, and 15th, but the gods willed it otherwise.

All the 13th I was storm-stayed at Damascus. I spent the first half of the 14th fighting against a perfectly demoniac wind, and the second half of it fighting against the same wind, reinforced by rain and hail, while all the 15th I passed in bed in a lonely Khan, some 4,000 feet above the sea, on Anti-Libanus.

From the wreckage of these three days I secured nothing except a curious conversation in Damascus with a young Georgian scholar, and the ride up the Barada from Bessima to Ain Fijeh, a place much, and on the whole justly, praised by Miss Martineau in her account of Palestine, which I read a week or two since, and which, though far inferior to the part of her *Eastern Life* which deals with Egypt, is still worth reading.

On the 16th the snow which had covered the whole country had melted, except in patches, which much astonished my dear old horse—Greyliard, as I call him, after the steed bestrode by Edward I. in these latitudes. Accustomed at Haïfa to a genial temperature, he had never made acquaintance with this disgusting portion of the economy of Nature, and knew not what to make of it.

It was bitterly cold when we started, but at length we got below the clouds, and plunging into the Wady-et-Teim —in other words, the Valley of the Upper Jordan or Hasbâny—crossed that stream and slept at Hasbeyâ. Thence on the very early morning of the 17th we climbed to the Khalwet-el-Biyâd, the great sanctuary of the Druses, which rises over the town. It is much larger than the chapel at Dalieh, but even less interesting, for I saw no inscriptions.

We then re-crossed the Hasbâny, and, traversing a very

lofty water-parting, came down near the village of Jisr Burghuz on the tremendous defile of the Litâny. Doubtless that river has excellent reasons of its own for its extraordinary proceedings, but it *seems* to have gone out of its way to encounter the most marvellous difficulties in finding its way to the sea.

From this point we made our way to Jedîdeh, a considerable town, commanding the most magnificent views of Hermon, now in all the splendour of a full robe of snow, re-assumed since I last wrote about him, commanding, too, a superb prospect over the formidable Plain of Ijon (see a passage quoted above), and down to the Huleh lake.

Soon after passing Jedîdeh we wheeled to the west and advanced over a very high country, with the castle of Belfort (Kalat-esh-Shekif) frowning at us across another tremendous abyss, at the bottom of which flows the Litâny. Then came more climbs and breakneck descents, which placed us ere nightfall in camp, close to the Metâwileh village of Tayyibeh. This was one of the finest rides I have ever made, and should be better known than it is to travellers.

On the 18th we pushed for the sea, having a distant view of Tibnîn, another Crusading stronghold to the south of us. Much of the day was spent in crossing a rather commonplace agricultural country, but a good deal also in winding through very pretty ravines. On the 16th and 17th we had

not seen any great multitude of flowers, but to-day we were in more genial climes, and a beautiful *Phlomis*—not the same as my Sicilian friend mentioned under January of last year —was perhaps the new plant which gave me most pleasure.

We drank our mid-day coffee close to the ruin known as Hiram's Tomb, and then falling into our route of November last, a little south of Tyre, encamped by the edge of the sea near Nakura, while the little owls discussed our doings, mewing at each other in their plaintive way and in Amoebœan fashion. On the 19th we crossed the southern portion of the Ladder of Tyre and came over the plain of Acre, where I found *Campanula sulphurea*, a plant for which I had been looking, and saw *Lavandula Stœchas* growing with *Passerina hirsuta*, just as it would have done in Provence.

After all his journeyings and exposure, Greyliard covered the distance along the sands from Acre to Haïfa in just eighty minutes.

May

10. The days which followed my return to Haïfa were given, for the most part, to the numerous small occupations which precede a move, and not least to the bringing up arrears of correspondence.

On the late afternoon of the 25th April we embarked on the *Clio*, and little Haïfa, with all its associations, belonged to the past.

Soon after leaving our anchorage at Jaffa I was talking to a German lady about the tragical situation created for her country by the illness of the Emperor, from whom it had once so much to hope. "Wenn Deutschland," she said, "einen Genius gehabt hat, so war immer ein Teufel dabei!"

We stayed at Port Said with Mr. and Mrs. Royle, always the kindest of hosts. She told me that her father had been the only married Undergraduate of his time at Oxford. An eccentricity which results in having the Venus of Milo for one's daughter may well be pardoned!

It was at Port Said that I received the sad news of the death of Mat. Arnold, the last friend save one to whom I had written from Syria. I leave to more competent critics to decide what his permanent place amongst English poets is likely to be, and merely record the fact that, to me personally, his poems say more than do those of any other poet who has lived in our time.

On the morning of the 28th we embarked on the *Iberia*, a steamer of the Orient Line, filled mainly with Australians. We had a gale off the south-west of Crete, but ere we approached Cape Spartivento the weather had become fine. The Sicilian coast was draped in a light haze, through which the great volcano was visible, smoking gently. I was grateful to my wife for reminding me, while in sight of it, of Campbell's verse which was running persistently

in my head when I last passed through these waters with her :—

"'Twas now the dead watch of the night; the helm was lashed a-lee,
And the ship rode, where Mount Etna lights the deep Levantine sea."

As we entered the straits I read Alexandrine's wonderful page upon Italy, and, as we left them, my wife read to me in Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey*, the passage relating to Scylla and Charybdis. By the way, I never saw the latter sustain its character so well. It was really quite a rough piece of water, and the Captain told me that it had a perceptible influence upon the steering of his vessel.

Naples, where we lay for an hour or two, was dull and misty; but I saw Procida and Ischia nearer and better than on any previous occasion. Sardinia, whose southern coast I descried far off on the morning of the 3rd, had never before met my eyes.

My second passage through the Straits of Gibraltar, on the 5th May, was not less charming and far more instructive than my first, for that took place in the late evening and the night (see these Notes for October 1881), while on this occasion we lay long enough in broad daylight under the Rock to enable me to make out its topography by the help of the map in Murray's *Mediterranean*.

San Roque, Algeçiras, Ceuta and Apes Hill, places whose names were familiar, but which I had never beheld, all passed for me out of the region of the unknown.

My most considerable piece of reading during the voyage was the first volume of Stade's *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, through the seven hundred pages of which I ran, not reading it in its entirety, but noting carefully what had most interest for me. It is by far the most important book upon the Old Testament which I have met with. I do not except Renan's *Histoire du peuple d'Israël*, because the only volume of that which is yet published does not carry one further than David; while Stade goes down to the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. Some of his views are very startling; *e.g.*, he does not think that the Israelites ever were in Egypt at all! But as a whole it is a masterly production, although one sadly misses the "particule peutêtre" of which Renan makes, in treating of far-off and ill-recorded times, such frequent use.

On the 4th my wife read aloud from the *Canzoniere* of Dante, and the evening of the same day was made memorable to me by seeing Mars rise slowly out of the sea behind us, while Jupiter and Saturn were both high in heaven.

I had a good view of the Spanish Finisterre, but long ere we had reached the other side of the Bay a thick fog had fallen, and the next object which I beheld was the Eddystone lighthouse. We passed quite close to it on our way

to Plymouth Sound, on the banks of which the trees were in their first green.

The run up channel, on a very bright day and against a breeze just strong enough to fill the sails of the numerous craft we met, was very exhilarating, and before I went to bed last night we saw the lights of Brighton. This afternoon we reached York House, where the horse chestnuts are three-fourths and the elms about half out, but the buds of the lilac not yet open.

11. I went up to London to-day on business, and going into Brooks's for a moment met Lord Herschell, who is President of the Gold and Silver Commission. As we walked down St. James's Street he mentioned that Mr. Dana Horton, seeing in the *Salon* the other day a picture of Danäe receiving the golden shower, said to some one who was with him, "I suppose that is a portrait of a Monometallist!"

Miss Somers Cocks writes, with reference to "some of the conceptions of the 'New Life'" set forth in Luca Signorelli's frescoes at Orvieto:—

"They supply something which is lacking in Fra Angelico's representations—the unutterable humility and awe of those who are about to enter into it, and the human sympathy, almost amounting to pain, of the welcoming angels. The picture goes home to one so much more than a conception of immediate rapture and bliss."

Mademoiselle de Perpigna, writing about the Emperor

of Germany from Charlottenburg in a letter which has been waiting for me here, says :—

"The consciousness of duty fulfilled, the brave determination to do it in the most trying circumstances, uphold him. The sudden bad news and hurried departure, the meeting Bismarck and the Ministers at Leipzig, the Oath of Allegiance received on the road—all that was but the beginning of a series of emotions hard to bear with illness."

Lady Reay writing to my wife says :—

"I am much touched by a description given me by Sir F. Richards of you. It was most poetical and graphic. He said he was invited at Madras to go to a prize-giving to girls. He went in the usual state of calm sense of duty which one knows so well! But a change came over his indifference when he perceived, first, masses of picturesque Hindu little girls in brilliant colours and jewels, and at the head of the hall there stood one tall, slight, graceful lady, draped in pure white. She was the presiding genius of the scene. Governor, high officials, native princes were grouped around; but the white lady stood alone, and infused life into the whole audience by a thrilling speech, full of charm, full of wise thoughts, full of initiative grace and eloquence. All were entranced and lifted up to a higher level than that in which their casual thoughts were playing on entering the warm room, into which the only pure breeze that came was from the graceful lady in white. I had felt the whole series of sensations so vividly myself at Madras that I was much pleased at their echo in the Admiral's experience. Pray show this to Sir Mountstuart."

12. Victoria's birthday, and a May morning of the poets. I went over in the afternoon to Kew to see Dyer. He

carried me off to see the small new house which he has just established for Alpine plants, called my attention to some noble garden varieties of the daffodil, and took me to pay a visit to the grand *Rhododendron Aucklandii*, now in all its glory.

13. Mrs. Greg writes :—

"Your life for the past few months has been a sort of Idyll, a picture to be framed and looked back upon—so full of life, yet so full of repose. I often picture to myself you and the children wandering about in search of shells and flowers, and compare it in my mind with the State pageants and the gorgeous surroundings of your daily life in Madras."

G. de Bunsen writes :—

"The Empress, as you have rightly judged, is making her way among the people. However brief her tenure of power will be (and who knows but that it may be prolonged) the more will the public at large perceive the truly astounding richness and resource, the practised leadership, and the affectionate disposition of that rare creature. She is indefatigable, and gives a fresh indication of the grand aims she has in view each day."

16. Finished *Les Pensées d'une Reine* by the Queen of Roumania. I have marked a great many passages, of which I quote only one or two :—

"La 'simple vérité' est plus complexe qu'une femme."

"L'amour est comme l'écureuil hardi et timide à la fois."

"L'artiste est amoureux d'une toile vierge, d'une feuille vide, d'un morceau de marbre brut. Dès que sa main les a

rendu immortels il les prend en horreur et malheur à lui s'il en restait amoureux!"

"Pourquoi décrire le laid quand le beau n'est pas encore épuisé."

"La bêtise se met au premier rang pour être vue; l'intelligence se met en arrière pour voir."

"Autrefois on faisait la cour aux souverains pour obtenir un bienfait. Aujourd'hui ce sont les souverains qui font la cour pour faire accepter un bienfait.

"Beaucoup de gens ne critiquent que pour ne pas paraître ignorants. Ils ignorent que l'indulgence est la marque de la plus haute culture."

"Il y a des femmes majestueusement pures comme le cygne."

"Froissez-les: vous verrez leurs plumes se hérisser pendant une séconde: puis elles se détourneront silencieusement pour se réfugier au milieu des flots."

[Compare Landor's description of the Swan—

"A creature born
To be the only graceful shape of scorn."]

18. The lilac came into flower yesterday at York House.

I believe that its flowering depends upon the will of St. Busbequius (see Vol. II. of these Notes); but in looking at a review of mine some thirty years old, I find the following, quoted from one of Sir J. Herschel's essays:—

"The common lilac blossoms so soon as the square of the *mean daily temperatures* (as indicated by the centigrade thermometer) amounts to 4264°, so that the mean time of its flowering at any given station may be at once determined from the meteorological record of its climate. At Brussels this mean date is the 27th or 28th of April. In other localities

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it occurs earlier or later by about three or four days for every degree of latitude south or north of Brussels, and about five or even six days later for every 100 yards elevation above the level of that city, which is itself sixty-five yards above the sea."

Lubbock came down to see us. In a note received from him when I arrived, he mentioned that at a Bimetallic dinner recently, some one had said:—"If speech is silver and silence gold, then a short speech is surely Bimetallic."

22. We have had an ideal Whitsuntide, the sky blue, the horse chestnuts just coming into flower at York House. On the afternoon of the 19th, Oliphant, Mrs. Greg, Mrs. Barrington, Bernard Mallet and Lady Colley came over, and they have only left us to-day. Oliphant naturally talked much to my wife and others about his new book, *Scientific Religion*, which is coming out to-morrow; and of which he had an early copy with him.

On Sunday, Kinglake and Byrne came to lunch. The latter told us of a canary at Norbiton which he himself heard say the other day, in a far-off but quite distinct voice: "He is such a beauty, pretty little creature."

I walked with Kinglake through the Ham meadows, along the edge of which a large field of *Narcissus poeticus* was a new feature to me. He mentioned just before we started that "the great Elchi," near the end of his long and fateful career, found himself in Rome so thoroughly *désoeuvré* that

he said to our then representative, "I wish you would give me something to copy."

They used to tell a story at Madras of a man who had climbed up the whole of the ladder until he retired as Surgeon-General, and soon felt so bored that he positively applied for permission to begin his medical career again as an Assistant-Surgeon.

Petersham Park was lovely. It made me think of the lines in *Maud*:—

> "O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
> In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
> Sighing for Lebanon,
> Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here increased
> Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
> And looking to the South, and fed
> With honeyed rain and delicate air."

At the gate of Pembroke Lodge we parted, Kinglake going towards Richmond, I to see Lady Russell. The wild hyacinths, always beautiful in her grounds, are more enchanting than ever this year.

As I walked yesterday morning in the *Urwald*[1] with Mrs. Barrington, her attention was attracted by the columbine, which was in bud, and she told me that it was the characteristic flower of the early summer in Venice, where window-gardening naturally assumes great importance. She reminded

[1] See these *Notes* for 22nd June 1879.

me, too, that it occurs in Titian's great picture of "Bacchus and Ariadne."

Mrs. Greg brought me a beautiful photograph of the San Sisto, which we saw together last October.

After dinner yesterday Oliphant talked of Mr. Travers, an American sayer of good things.

"Travers," remarked a friend to him one day in New York, "you seem to stammer much worse here than you did when I saw you at Baltimore."

"I—t's a— much bigger place!" was the reply.

24. Read at the Athenæum a notice in the *Saturday Review* of Henry Oxenham, of whose death I heard just before leaving Haïfa. We were rather intimate at Oxford, more especially towards the end of 1850, when we went into the Schools together, and I continued to see him frequently during the next year or two. There is a memorial of those times which is interesting to me in the last chapter of his book on the *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement*, published in 1865.

On page 197, he writes:—

"He was not wrong who taught that the love of Beauty is indeed no other than the love of Eternal Truth. And only in the brightness of the uncreated vision can that love find its adequate satisfaction."

"Wir müssen nach der Heimath gehen,
Um diese heilige Zeit zu sehen."

These words from Novalis were the motto, and the idea

contained in the sentence which immediately precedes them was the subject of some verses which he began while staying with me in London, in the autumn of 1851, and afterwards wrote out at the beginning of my *Lyra Apostolica.* They end with the lines—

> "The Soul cannot rest till it gains that shore,
> Where, blent in one heavenly vision,
> The dreams of Affection and Knowledge and Power
> Are lost in their endless fruition."

At that period it seemed certain to his friends that he would cross almost immediately the hardly visible line which separated the ground upon which he then stood from the "Alleinseligmachende Kirche," and devote to her service his very considerable dialectic and rhetorical powers. He lingered, however, long before doing so, and ultimately connected himself with Döllinger and the theologians who form the extreme left of his new communion. This was fatal to his career, which I, who knew him only on his poetical and emotional side, expected to have been a Roman parallel to that of his early friend, Canon Liddon. The writer in the *Saturday* mentions that he had the *Dream of Gerontius* read to him as the end drew near.

I attended this afternoon the centenary of the Linnean Society, saw their Medals conferred upon Hooker and Owen, and seconded, at the request of the President (Mr. Carruthers, head of the Botanical Department in the

British Museum), a vote of thanks, moved by Mr. St. George Mivart, to the authors of the four *éloges* which were read on Linnæus, Robert Brown, Darwin, and Bentham.

The author of the first, Professor Fries (see these Notes for 1873), was not present, but the others were read as well as composed by Hooker, Professor Flower, and Dyer, respectively.

Byrne writes under to-day's date :—

"Do you recollect the hunt I had for the correct version of Oxenstjerna's saying about 'the little wisdom with which the world is governed'? Six various readings I had before me, each one endorsed by an extremely respectable authority, and your *Geflügelte Wörter* told me the original authority for it was Lundblad's *Svensk Plutarch;* so I searched, first at the Bodleian. No! No Lundblad there. Then at the British Museum: some portions of the work, but not the one I wanted. Then, through a Swedish friend, in the Library at Upsala: no Lundblad at all. At last he ran it to earth in the Royal Library at Stockholm, and the correct version turns out to be *different from every one of the six above referred to*, and to run as follows:—

"'*An nescis, mi fili, quantilla prudentia regitur orbis.*'

"(*Svensk Plutarch II*, Stockholm, 1826, page 95)."

27. A fine day and a large party at York House. Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward came yesterday, as did Miss Kathleen Gordon. To-day Dr. Maclean (see the Indian volumes of these Notes) with his wife and daughter joined

us. I had, of course, much conversation with Mrs. Ward about *Robert Elsmere*, which has had even a greater success than I augured for it—thanks partly, no doubt, to Gladstone's attack in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is not three months since the first edition reached me at Haïfa, and already it is in a sixth.

We went to Kew in the afternoon, giving most time to the wild hyacinths and the rhododendron walk. Mr. Humphry Ward mentioned to me at Kew that on Dyer's wedding-day he received a post-card from a friend with the question and answer—

"What is closer than a hook and eye?"

"A hooker and eyer!"

29. To Kew in the afternoon. The noble *Strelitzia Reginæ*, quaintly enough selected to commemorate the Consort of George III., is in flower in the Temperate house; but the forest scenery of the Gardens on the side next the Thames, now still in its first green, is their greatest charm for the moment.

30. Dyer told me the other day that there were 80,000 people at Kew on Whit Monday. I see I have noted in my Diary of 1868, under date of Whit Tuesday, as a remarkable thing, that there were 30,777 people there the day before!

Who invented for the "haute ville" at Geneva the cruel name of Faubourg St. Cretin, which I find in a note made twenty years ago?

Did the last Lord Houghton really say to ——, "If you don't take care you will become the most odious member of an odious family?"

Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arbuthnot. Coleridge told us that Gibson had once gone down from London to Yorkshire. Arrived at some station he asked if a well-known country house "was in that neighbourhood."

"No!" said the porter whom he addressed, "it is five-and-twenty miles off!"

"How can I get there?" was the rejoinder.

"You had better get out here and go back by the next train. Have you any luggage?"

"I don't know," answered Gibson.

"Don't know!—Are you a fool, sir?"

"No! I am a sculptor!"

Mrs. Alfred Morrison told a story, which I had not heard, of the late Master of Trinity. She declared that the authorities of Newnham had asked permission for the young ladies to play lawn-tennis in the College gardens. The Master wrote back to say that he was heart-broken at being obliged to refuse the first application they had ever made to him, but that he had no choice—the gardens of Trinity being devoted to Horticulture, and not to Husbandry.

Read to-day at the Athenæum a characteristic review of *Robert Elsmere* by Pater, which appeared, of all

places, in the *Guardian*. In it occurred the picturesque phrase—"The wonderful inaccessible cold heights of the Imitation."

June

2. Dined at the India Office. Lord Cross mentioned that when he was first Home Secretary he gave at the Birthday dinner the toast of "The Queen—Duke of Lancaster." Most of the Judges present were astonished, not to say scandalised, by this, saying that the title of Duke of Lancaster merged in the Crown. That, however, as it appears, is not the case, and the Queen would remain Duke of Lancaster, even if she ceased to be Queen.

I talked with Sir John Strachey, who sat on one side of me, about Bright, and his speeches against the Great Company.

"He made many mistakes," said my neighbour; "but he had got hold of the two cardinal truths about our position in the East—that there is no such country as India, and that the Indians, as a people, do not exist."

5. A particularly gay and agreeable breakfast at the Arthur Russell's, only the family and the Mallets being present.

Our host recalled Henry Smith's remark—"The upshot

of the controversy about Homer seems to me to be that the Homeric Poems were not written by Homer, but by another person of the same name."

He reminded me also of a letter he lately sent me, in which, with reference to the obscurity of German philosophical language, he wrote :—

"Was ist Bildung? Unterscheidung von subjectivem und objectivem. Bildung überhaupt ist Vermittlung (Strauss). Quatre mots admirables! exclaims Scherer 'et qui n'ont qu'un défaut, c'est d'être intraduisibles.'"

6. Dined with Lubbock, meeting a large party of men, amongst whom I talked chiefly to Sir James Paget and Archdeacon Farrar. Conversation strayed to General Gordon's extraordinary craze about the identity of the Seychelles and the Garden of Eden. Sir James Paget suggested a curious anatomical reason for the importance which attached in Gordon's fancy to the *Coco de Mer*, and added—"How strange these men are whose minds are not fused into one whole, but made up of separate pieces!"

We passed on through, I think, Gladstone's Homeric vagaries, to speak of Henry Smith's *mot* cited above; and Farrar mentioned that S. T. Coleridge had called the destructive criticism with regard to the poet, which was much in vogue in his day, "that Wolfish and Heynous theory." This led to the book by Henry Nelson Coleridge

upon Homer, which has so dropped out of sight, that I doubt whether many of the younger generation know the wonderfully fine passage upon Latin and Greek which Farrar, I found, admired as much as I have done for the last forty years. Lord Derby, who was sitting opposite, and who knows most things, did not know it.

Here it is:—

"Greek—the shrine of the genius of the old world; as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves; of infinite flexibility,[1] of indefatigable strength, with the complication and the distinctness of nature herself, to which nothing was vulgar, from which nothing was excluded, speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of the summer; at once the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, the gloom and the intensity of Æschylus; not compressed to the closest by Thucydides, not fathomed to the bottom by Plato, not sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardours, even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes! And Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law and of the state, inferior to its half parent and rival in the embodying of passion and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire; stamped with the mark of an imperial and despotising republic; rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonymes; although opening glimpses of Greek-like splendour in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; proved, indeed, to the uttermost, by Cicero, and by him found wanting; yet majestic in its bareness, impressive in its concise-

[1] Inflexibility—in my copy; surely a misprint.

ness; the true language of history, instinct with the spirit of nations and not with the passions of individuals; breathing the maxims of the world, and not the tenets of the schools; uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus."

I finished my evening at the Cosmopolitan, where were Charles Clifford, the author of *Travels by Umbra* (whose quaint and quite peculiar humour I used to enjoy much in my earlier House of Commons days, but of whom I have seen little for many years), and John Ball, who has been spending the winter in the Canaries, where he greatly enjoyed the vegetation with its 400 or so endemic plants, but suffered, strange to say, from the crowd—there having been quite "a boom" of winter visitors there this year.

7. Breakfasted with Layard, who spoke very highly of Castelar's behaviour in all his dealings with him. He also mentioned, incidentally, that the "Great Elchi" was not a phrase specially applied to Lord Stratford by the Turks. "The Great Elchi" simply meant "the Ambassador," as distinguished from "the Minister Plenipotentiary."

Later I went to see Sir Arthur Gordon, who has come to England on leave. He told me that a gentleman of his acquaintance had, after travelling for a winter in India, calmly remarked: "I think it is a question worth considering whether an attempt should not be made to

govern India on a frankly democratic basis!" Well might Hübner say: "L'Angleterre n'a qu'un ennemi à redouter dans l'Inde: c'est elle même."

10. A large party at York House.

In the course of the morning Miss Kathleen Gordon reminded me of a passage I read to her last year, in which occurs the line:—

"But wonders and no end of wondering finds."

It is quoted in Dr. John Brown's charming little paper on Minchmoor, from a poem called *Albania.*

In the afternoon some of us went to Kew, where Dyer was our guide to the Azaleas, which were just past their best, but still in great beauty. We talked of their strange and indescribable colours. "They are," said Mrs. Higford Burr, "like nothing but the shot-silk dresses of Fra Angelico's angels."

After returning to York House I walked on the lawn with Spencer Walpole. He is writing the Life of Lord Russell, and I asked him whether his impressions as he proceeded were more or less favourable than when he began?

"He has risen very much in my estimation *as a man,*" was his reply.

12. Walpole mentioned in the course of our talk yesterday that the remarkable lines by Lord Russell, which

I quoted in 1866,[1] were written in 1813, though they only took their place in the pages of the *Nun of Arrouca* (where I found them) about a decade later. To-day he writes :—

"Lord Russell's lines (which you quoted at Elgin) were written in 1813, presumably on his way home to his first Parliamentary Session from the Duke of Wellington's camp in Spain. They ran originally :—

"'If o'er my head, by sad decree of fate
Sorrow impends, alone I bear the weight.
Then be my heart like ocean, common road
For all, but only for the dead abode.
Man shall not sound the deep o'er which he steers,
And none shall count its treasures or its tears.'

"The two first lines are not, I think, in the *Nun of Arrouca*. They struck me as very remarkable in a young man of twenty-one returning home after fifteen months of memorable travel."

Evelyn, who was one of the successful candidates in the recent competition for Attachés, has begun his work in the Eastern Department of the Foreign Office.

15. Arthur Russell called on us yesterday at the house we have taken for the rest of the season, and brought two pamphlets—one, by Mrs. Grote, on the Philosophical Radicals of 1832; the other, neither more nor less than a slim volume of poems by her husband!

In an Ode, written in 1815, the future Historian of

[1] See *Elgin Speeches*, Edinburgh, 1871.

Greece, and Apostle of the Ballot, thus addresses the Thames:—

> "Oh! were it mine to flee the storms of life,
> And sink forgotten in thy lilied lap!
> There 'midst thy hanging cells,
> O'erarched with dropping pearl,
> And gems of dewy lustre sweet, to breathe
> Thy halcyon air, thy soft Elysian calm!
> To wreathe me in the brede
> Of some blue Naïad's hair,
> Some Nymph unweeting of the thrill of woe,
> Where dwells unclouded peace."

Destiny had reserved for him a very different fate, for I think the Harriet who fell to his lot, and who is frequently addressed in later pages of the work of which I am writing, was, though *blue* enough, as little like my idea of a "Naïad" as anything in female form well could be.

Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Sketchley, Mr. Alfred Morrison, Mr. Garnett, of the British Museum, Mr. John Webster, of Edgehill, and others, dined here to talk over a project which has been started, of commemorating in the course of the summer the two hundredth anniversary of Pope's birth. A variety of resolutions were duly moved, seconded, and passed.

In the course of conversation Mr. Gosse mentioned that he had a shelf in his library which he kept for *Les Péchés de Jeunesse*, that is, for the poems of authors who

had published a single volume of verse, and then turned to other pursuits. One of these, it appears, is Ruskin. His *Péché de Jeunesse* recently sold for £35.

The evening papers contained the news of the death of the Emperor Frederick, which took place at eleven this morning.

I thought of my Peterhead speech of December 1867, in which I said of him and the Princess Royal:—

"There are probably no two lives in Europe on which so much, at this moment, depends. It is only to be feared that people will expect impossibilities, and be annoyed when they see that the accession to the throne of a wise King and Queen does not produce a Golden Age. Nothing of the kind is to be looked for. Their accession will be one good influence more, amongst other wider and deeper influences."

Nearly one-and-twenty years passed before they ascended the throne, and then all ended in a tragedy!

"What shadows we are! and what shadows we pursue!"

16. The Breakfast Club met at Aberdare's, Venables, F. Leveson Gower, Acton, Wolseley, and myself, being present.

Conversation took almost from the first a military turn. Aberdare mentioned that his connection, Sir William Napier, thought that Pompey was a better general than Cæsar, and that if he had been left to follow his own plans he would have been victorious. I asked Wolseley if he had formed any personal opinion upon that subject, but he replied in the negative.

He explained to us the discrepancy between his own and Lord George Hamilton's estimate of the amount of tonnage required to transport the same number of men across the Channel. "Lord George," he said, "had been supplied by his subordinates with the amount of tonnage that would be necessary to transport across the Channel a thoroughly well-equipped English force, ready to enter upon a long campaign. He, on the other hand, was speaking of the amount of tonnage that would be required to transport a French army across the Channel with a view only to a sudden dash upon London. He thought that if such an attempt were made, half of the invading force would probably be landed somewhere near Brighton, and the other on the coast of Essex."

Later I looked in at the Athenæum, where I met Lacaita, and we went together to write our names at the German Embassy, after which we had a long talk about Italian affairs. Premising that he was a pessimist in so far as they were concerned, he proceeded to give a most gloomy account of the financial and economic situation, dwelling much on the rapid disappearance of the small land-holders, crushed out of existence by the pressure of taxation, which few, except those who had resources unconnected with land, were able to resist.

20. On the 18th, after showing my Guindy plants to Lady Hobart, with whom I first saw Guindy in 1875, and

who possessed it for three years, as I did for five, I was suddenly taken ill—fairly struck down by the rigours of an English June! Sir George Errington came to meet Lady Hobart and her nieces, but I could not appear, and spent all yesterday in bed.

On the 9th was published in Paris the *Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton*, by Mrs. Craven. I received it on the 11th, and finished it on the 17th. The 12th April was her eightieth birthday. Yet the book does not show any failing, and her handwriting is clear and firm as ever.

The opening page is to the last degree characteristic:—

"Pendant la longue durée de ma vie, il m'a été accordé une grâce dont je ne saurais assez bénir Dieu, bien que cette grâce ait été la source et la cause de mes douleurs les plus vives.

"Dès ma jeunesse (et cette bonne fortune m'a suivie plus tard) il m'a été donné de rencontrer des êtres dignes de toute la tendresse, de toute l'admiration et de tout le respect qu'il faut éprouver ensemble, pour que le cœur soit pleinement satisfait. Peu de vies, sans doute (du moins c'est le petit nombre), sont totalement privées de rencontres semblables; je puis toutefois, à cet égard, regarder la mienne comme privilégiée, et c'est pourquoi je ne saurais m'associer aux pessimistes qui, en prétendant les peindre d'après nature, font des tableaux, dont on pourrait être tenté de conclure que la pureté, lá piété, la noblesse et l'honneur n'ont jamais eu, ou n'ont plus ici bas de personnification vivante!

"Ceux qui ont lu, ou seulement parcouru mes écrits savent

qu'ils sont tous consacrés à prouver le contraire. Cette preuve, lorsque j'ai pris la plume pour la première fois, j'ai pu la fournir bien pres de moi ; mais depuis, j'ai eu le bonheur de pouvoir la répéter souvent, et de la trouver en tous lieux et en tous pays."

The interest of the book is sustained throughout, though neither the life nor the character of Lady Georgiana lend themselves, despite her genius, anything like so well to biographical purposes as some others with which Mrs. Craven has had to deal. Altogether it is an excellent, and, having regard to the writer's age, I suppose almost an unique performance.

To a meeting at the India Office, with Northbrook in the chair, where Stephen proposed and I seconded a resolution to commemorate Maine by a medallion in Westminster Abbey.

Thereafter, Arthur Russell, Lyall, and I went with the Dean to see the place which he could offer as the best at his disposal. It was not very good, but Russell and I wandered long about the aisles without seeing anything better.

I found, to my amusement, that Arthur Stanley had smuggled both Maurice and Kingsley into the sacred precincts! Their busts look across a dark recess straight at Keble, who is very properly placed hard by Wordsworth.

I saw for the first time Stanley's monument, and recalled more than one visit with him to this "Temple of silence and reconciliation."

21. Dined with Spencer Walpole. He reminded me of an old name for Froude's *Nemesis of Faith* which had slipped my memory—"Faith with a vengeance"!

We talked after dinner about the recollections of old people.

Trevelyan recalled a nurse who remembered seeing, when a factory girl, at Coventry, Nelson and Lady Hamilton in that town.

Henry Grenfell had talked with an old woman who remembered the death of George II.; and our host recollected asking a cousin of his father's whether she had known Horace Walpole, and being answered in the affirmative.

23. Returned from Oxford, whither I went yesterday afternoon to attend the dinner given by the authorities of Balliol to Lord Lansdowne, Viceroy Designate of India.

I slept on my own staircase of 1850, in the rooms occupied in my day by Chitty, immediately under those then occupied by Midleton, and above those which long afterwards belonged to my eldest son.

The after-dinner speaking, unlike that of the last gathering in the same place which I attended (see these Notes for 1877), presented few features of interest. The Master, who is much aged since I last saw him, before I went to India, let fall, in his curious fragmentary manner, a variety of remarks, very simple yet very finished, about departed

members of the College. Characteristic, too, was his allusion to the Vision of Er in the Republic of Plato, when he said that the speeches were to be few, because it was thought that those who had gathered on this occasion would prefer to go away into "the meadow," there to question each other as to what had befallen them during their passage through life.

The guest of the evening, in touching upon Canada, treated the continued cohesion of the Dominion as still doubtful, and told in another portion of his speech an amusing enough story about Lord Russell, of whom a Scotch gillie would appear to have said, "Forbye it has not pleased the Lord to mak him a sportsman, he's a verra decent body!"

The most memorable circumstance of the evening was the presence of Francis Newman, the oldest Fellow of the College who took his degree in 1826, to whom I was introduced by Jowett. Our talk strayed to Kossuth, of whose intercourse with him he told me he had recently published *Reminiscences*, and who, it seems, is rather older than I thought—87 this year.

Dined with the Bishops, meeting, amongst others, Mr. Bellasis, the Lancaster Herald, who led the Jubilee Procession up the Abbey last year. He told me that his father, in cross-examining a witness, had turned the laugh against himself when pressing his examination as to the precise

nature of the man's occupation he elicited the reply: "I sometimes mends old Bellowses."

——— writing of a young lady, who having left a despairing English lover on a foreign shore had extracted two French proposals on her way to her own country, remarks: "C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas l'amour!"

26. We learned this morning that Hampden had succeeded in his recent examination for the "Britannia." Adrian was safely landed in Sandhurst while we were at Haïfa.

Dined with the Thrings. Mr. Walter, of the *Times*, long M.P. for Berkshire, mentioned that he had once asked Mr. Knox, the Police Magistrate, whether his opinion of the lower classes had been raised or lowered by his experience in that capacity. "Raised," was the reply.

Thring and others spoke of the great improvement which the last seventy years had seen in the population at large. I thought of Turgot's saying: "Nos gens corrompus d'au jourd'hui auroient été Capucins il y a cent ans."

28. Met George Boyle at the Athenæum. He told me that the monument to Keble in the Abbey had been put up at the expense of Twisleton. It appears that he read, at her request, the poem for St. John's Day to his very charming wife, an American, *née* Dwight, just before she died.

Boyle mentioned also that not long ago a Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church—I think the Bishop of Glasgow—

was performing the funeral service over his brother in a churchyard on the borders of Kinross-shire. It was wet under foot and he stepped on to a stone hard by.

When the service was over someone said to him, "Do you know on whose tomb you have been standing?" "No," was the answer.

"On the tomb of Hackston of Rathillet, the murderer of Archbishop Sharp!"

Boyle told me, too, on the authority of Lord Cockburn's recently published recollections, that the last Lord Panmure but one, on recovering from an illness, drank the health of "the disappointed one," meaning his eldest son, Fox Maule, one of my predecessors in the representation of Elgin. A tenant who was present remarked that he had never before heard the health of the Devil drunk!

We talked, too, of the late Bishop Wilberforce. Some one, it appears, said to that prelate: "I met Lake of Balliol the other day, and was surprised to find that he was not higher in the Church than he is."

"Ah!" was the answer, "you thought the Lake had expanded into a Sea."

29. Lunched with the Wards, meeting M. Jusserand, to whom I was lately introduced at Pembroke Lodge. He is secretary to the French Embassy, and possesses a most remarkable acquaintance with English literature.

He told us that one of the Heads of Departments at

the British Museum had lately received a letter full of questions from some German scholar, who apologised for the trouble he was giving by saying: "You know we Germans are very questionable people."

Presided at night at a meeting of the Pope Commemoration Committee at Twickenham, whither came amongst others, Professor Henry Morley, whom I had never met before.

30. Read a pamphlet by Col. Yule, privately printed, on the history of the Pitt Diamond. It disposes of some of the romance which attaches to that famous stone, but leaves its story remarkable enough. It seems to be quite true that St. Simon advised the Regent to purchase it, that it formed a part of the jewels carried off in the extraordinary burglary at the Garde-Meuble after the September massacres in 1792, that it was pawned in 1798 for a supply of horse furniture needed for the Army of Italy—as it had been in 1796 for a similar advance—and that it was worn by Napoleon at his coronation in the pommel of his sword.

On the other hand there seems no foundation for the statement that it was brought down to Madras by a slave, who, coming into relations with an English skipper possessed of much decision of character, was dropped into the Roads by that worthy, who sold the famous gem to the jeweller who sold it to Governor Pitt.

I should have been sorry if the wonderful fact had been impugned, that Napoleon wore in his sword the gem which had founded the fortunes of "the pilot who weathered the storm."

The Breakfast Club met at York House—only Aberdare, Herschell, and Arthur Russell being present.

The first repeated the highly characteristic entry, not hitherto published, in Sir Charles Napier's Diary: "Ripon is a passive idiot; Stanley a fiery fool ——— they be damned."

The personages thus disposed of were the Lord Ripon, who died in 1859, and the "Rupert of debate," who were respectively, I think, President of the Board of Control and Secretary of State for the Colonies (and War), when the old warrior made the above indignant and very likely unjust observation.

Herschell said that he had returned recently to Constantinople, on our first journey to which place, in 1872, our acquaintance began. From Constantinople he had gone to Greece, where he was very much struck with Tricoupi. That statesman, when, at the command of the king, who had been left in the lurch by his former Minister, he took the reins of power, was the object of the most frantic popular hatred. In a few weeks he was the hero of torchlight processions. Ere long he induced a bitterly hostile Parliament to pass a Bill by which a hundred out of their number were consigned

to political extinction; and when he dissolved, amid the forebodings of some of his best friends, he obtained a crushing majority.[1]

Something said about the Reynoldses, the two brothers who converted each other, led to James I., in whose reign they lived: and I took out of my pocket a coin of Mary Stuart, which De Tabley gave me yesterday. We talked of it for some little time, when Herschell, who, as I have mentioned above, is Chairman of the Gold and Silver Commission, produced a co-metallic coin invented by a workman at Pittsburg, in which the centre was gold and the circumference silver, having a definite relation of weight to each other, so that the value of the coin should always remain the same.

He told us, too, that Locock, when he was dying of some disease which puzzled his physicians, looked up, and said, "How I should like to be at the *post-mortem*."

Arthur Russell said that in the beginning of the Forties, when war seemed imminent between France and Prussia, Frederick William IV. had, through his father, Lord William Russell, then our Minister at Berlin, asked the Duke of Wellington whether in the event of hostilities breaking out he would undertake to command upon the Rhine. The Duke replied that, subject to the permission

[1] He lived, however, to ruin the finances of Greece, and to betray the hopes which the best of his countrymen had founded on his advent to power (1898).

of his sovereign, he felt himself young enough to accept the king's proposal.

July

1. A large party at York House.

Pater told us last night that the late Master of Trinity once heard Wordsworth preach ere yet he was Bishop of Lincoln, and when he was only a Cathedral dignitary.

He devoted much time to explaining to his congregation, that Canon in Greek meant originally a straight pole or rod. "Surely," said Thomson, "it was unnecessary to prove at such length that a Canon meant a stick."

Mr. Bishop cited a singularly good pun attributed to Archbishop Whately. Some tiresome person asked him the distinction between *Services*—the fruit of the *Pyrus Sorbus* —and Medlars? "There is all the difference," he replied, "between *Officium* and *Officiosus*."

2. Dined with the Literary Society, whither Franqueville came as a guest.

On my left sat the elder Walpole. We talked of the life of Lord Russell, which his son, as I have mentioned above, is writing, and he said that Lord Russell had, when speaking of one of his reform bills, said to him: "And what shall we do with Midhurst?"

"If you harm Midhurst," Walpole replied, "won't I quote against you Milton's lines:—

> "'The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The House of Pindarus.'

You know it was the borough which introduced Charles Fox to Parliament."

Bowen talked of an American paper which contained an announcement to this effect: "Mr. Browning has declined to furnish us with a poem in exchange for a thousand dollars. We find ourselves more unable than ever to understand Mr. Browning."

Coleridge repeated a saying of old Sir William Erle to some one who had offended him: "You don't know the strength of the expressions which I am *not* using."

3. Finished glancing through the privately printed volume which contains Lord Stanhope's conversations with the Duke of Wellington.

Gneisenau he put high as a strategist, that is, as the framer of a plan of campaign—Blücher as a tactician; that is, as a manœuvrer of troops on the field of battle.

It appears that Pitt once received an offer of service from some volunteers clogged with all kinds of conditions, the last of which was that they should not be sent out of the country. He noted in the margin "except in case of actual invasion"!

What a good illustration of Mrs. Craven's saying, that if a French and an English word are all but the same, they usually mean something quite different, is the nick-name which was given to one of Louis XVIII.'s favourites: "Suffisance et Insuffisance." Not "Sufficiency" and "Insufficiency," but "Conceit" and "Inefficiency."

Lord Stanhope put to the Duke the same question which the Warden of Merton did here last year to Sir Donald Stewart (see these Notes for 1887), and the Duke replied that the longest march of which he knew anything was made by troops under his command in India—72 miles from five o'clock one morning to twelve o'clock the next day, all fair walking.

5. My almanac tells me that it is the first of the "dog days," but we have rain which reminds one of Madras in the North-East Monsoon, and, alas! a very different temperature.

To call on Lowell, who is confined to his room by the gout, but chatted agreeably. We talked over many American friends and acquaintances. Of Mr. Marsh, so long Minister of the United States in Italy, he said that his mind drained a larger surface than that of any man he had ever known.

The name of Mr. M'Veagh turning up, to whom I was introduced by Mat Arnold last year, he said that that gentleman and he had one day been looking on as a

deputation, which seemed far from respectable, passed. "I wonder who bailed them all out," said his companion.

7. The Breakfast Club met at Goschen's. It is the only institution in this country of which I know anything that has gained by the present state of politics: for when we were all one way of thinking, the talk was apt to be too Parliamentary. To-day Trevelyan sat on one side of our host, Lansdowne on the other, and a compact Unionist phalanx, consisting of Lacaita, Arthur Russell, and myself was flanked by Herschell and Aberdare.

We talked of Lord Sherbrooke, and Herschell mentioned that some years ago, when his troubles were first beginning, he said:—"The difference between Cardwell and me is this: Cardwell's mind is going and he does not know it; my mind is going and I do know it."

We had an amusing account of a black bishop who is assisting at the Lambeth Conference now assembled, and who argued against polygamy on the ground: 1st, that Adam was given but one wife; 2nd, that the arrangements of the ark were altogether hostile to the institution, for that Noah, if polygamy had been countenanced by the higher powers, would assuredly have been directed to take some pretty girls on board rather than leave them to be drowned. All this he put forward, it would seem in perfect good faith, amidst the hilarity of his brethren.

It must have been a relief to converse which an

eminent prelate described to me the other day as "very celestial, but rather fatiguing."

Goschen showed us a portion of the *Iliad*, magnificently printed by his grandfather. Some of the letters were peculiar; Delta, for example, being like an English D.

Yesterday the cloud, which has overspread the whole country for six days, lifted, and we had bright sunshine, though it was still cold enough for fires in the evening.

We had a large party, among them General Godfrey Clerk, who was the Adjutant-General of the Madras Army during most of my time, and is now Deputy-Adjutant-General at the War Office; his wife, the Arnold Forsters, my nephew Douglas, Miss Gordon, and M. Jusserand, who told me that Barthélemy St. Hilaire, so often mentioned in earlier pages of these Notes, is still busying himself with *Aristotle* at 83.

Mr. Arnold Forster mentioned that his *Citizen Reader*, an attempt to enlighten "our new masters," had been taken up by the School Boards, and was selling by tens of thousands. His wife, a daughter of Maskelyne's, has translated a little book by Paul Bert on Geometry, which tries to make the beginnings of mathematics intelligible to children.

10. Mr. Hovell came to see me by desire of the Empress Frederick, and gave me many details with reference to the illness which has ended in so calamitous a way.

The Emperor was able to sign papers even as late as the 13th of June, and on the 12th he insisted upon putting on his uniform and decorations to welcome the King of Sweden.

11. Spent my morning chiefly in a conversation at Argyll Lodge with the Duke, whom I found preparing the speech by which he proposes to introduce his motion for a vote of confidence in the Irish Policy of the Government, and partly at the Liberal Unionist Office in Great George Street with Bickersteth, who now directs its operations.

Thence I passed to the Athenæum, where I found on the table Father Coleridge's *Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton*, chiefly, but not entirely, translated from Mrs. Craven's. He gives in the original a copy of verses[1] written by Lady Georgiana after her conversion, but describing her state of mind before it.

The following are two of the best lines :—

"For thy deep love my spirit yearned, but trembled at thy creed,
And longing still to pluck the flower, refused to sow the seed."

12. The papers and the mouths of men are full of the astonishing weather. The fall of snow is reported from many quarters, amongst others from Norwood, and even from the city!

[1] They are translated into French prose by Mrs. Craven.

Breakfasted with George Lefevre, who mentioned that his uncle, Lord Eversley, had told him that he distinctly remembered both Pitt and Fox in the House of Commons, and his family had told him that after he had listened to the latter he had said to his father: "What was that angry old gentleman talking about?"

13. Evelyn told me at breakfast that Victor Morier, son of Sir Robert, and Mr. Alston, a son of the chief clerk of the Foreign Office, walked the other day in the Park. After their walk was over they went in different directions, each taking a hansom.

The next morning both excused themselves to Mr. Scoones, with whom they were reading, for absence from his lectures on the ground of having to attend inquests. He thought that it was a joke, but no such thing! Their hansoms had on their way to their respective destinations both run over and killed people.

To lunch at the Speaker's, but he was too ill to come down. Later we sat on the terrace, where Lowell, who was of the party, quoted the characteristic remark of an American girl: "This is the age of disobedient parents."

In the evening, after a meeting of the Pope Celebration Committee, Mr. Courthope, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Tedder, and others, dined at York House. Mr. Courthope told us that Pope, on whose life and works he is one of the greatest living authorities, cared

nothing whatever for music. He possesses four volumes of libels on the poet, annotated by his own hand.

Mr. Sketchley cited, not as a jest but as a thing which had really occurred within his knowledge, the remark of an Irish guide who was showing a party round the Tower: "Here Sir Thomas Moore was executed, our great Irish poet!"

14. The Breakfast Club met at 11 Upper Brook Street, under the presidency of Lacaita. Aberdare and Arthur Russell were there, and Story came as a non-resident foreigner.

Our host told us that a rich Danish lady, well stricken in years, had married her young Italian courier. Time passed, and one day Cavour told Victor Emmanuel that he would be very much obliged if this personage were ennobled.

"Why?" said the King.

"Because," replied Cavour, "the Danish Minister brings so much pressure to bear upon me that I find it difficult to resist."

"But what has the man ever done?" rejoined the King.

"Nothing," was the answer, "except to marry an old woman for her money."

"Che alma forte!" said His Majesty: adding presently, "Il Conte de Almaforte."

Cavour screamed with laughter, but the title was actually conferred.

Some time afterwards its fortunate possessor asked Fenzi, his banker, to give him an inscription for his house. Fenzi applied to a priest, who, being a man of *esprit*, gave him: "Dominus cum fortibus," and that legend was actually to be read on the house in the Lung' Arno until it passed into the hands of a new proprietor.

Conversation turned to Morelli, the Italian Senator, and his criticisms on the German galleries, which have made havoc in their catalogues. *Inter alia*, it would appear that the famous reading Magdalene of Dresden was certainly not by Correggio; and that a Venus there, hitherto thought comparatively little of, was really a very fine example of that rarest of masters, Giorgione.

Story told us that the celebrated picture of the Barberini Palace was not a portrait of Beatrice Cenci, and not by Guido. "It is known," he added, "perfectly well what Beatrice Cenci was like. She had abundant auburn hair, a little round face—*rotondetta*—and so bright an expression that some one who saw her after death said she still seemed to smile."

Aberdare cited a happy rendering of the motto, "Virtute et operâ," when it was said that the uncle of the last Lord Fife had ruined himself by Virtú and Opera girls. I suspect, however, that my old friend's misfortunes had

more to do with the latter than with the former cause of mischief. Have I ever noted the story, well known in the north, of his uncle, Earl James, saying, when his nephew, who had nothing but a small allowance, was living with the Regent, "Eh! but Jamie must be a very clever man to do all that on £500 a year!"

Story, Arthur Russell, and I walked away together, and were bade to stand and deliver at the corner of Grosvenor Square by a rather pretty laughing girl, who insisted upon having money for Hospital Saturday, and I found, as I made my way to the Athenæum and the Waterloo Station, that the whole town was in the hands of these fair marauders.

This is quite a new development since I went to India.

We dropped Story in South Audley Street, left the sacred book of the club at 2 Audley Square, and walked on, talking amongst other things, of the Boulanger duel and the change of manners that had taken place here with respect to duelling in our own generation.

Arthur Russell told me that he had read in some old paper an account of a hostile meeting between one of the Dukes of Bedford and another Duke. "Their Graces," it was said, "proceeded in their coaches in the direction of Chalk Farm, but coming to a place where a board was put up to say that rubbish might be shot there, their Graces alighted."

To a garden party at Fulham Palace, where met, amongst others, ——— with whom I talked about his experiences when he was staying with us some years ago.

——— saw nothing and heard nothing, but was oppressed in the strangest way by a vague sense of terror, as if something alarming were about to appear. He told me at the time that he felt "as if the ghost were coming round the corner."

Charles Bowen who slept in a room next that occupied by ——— accounts for what he heard by supposing that it was a sound transmitted in some odd way from a distant part of the house. What he did hear was the rustle of a dress past his bed, and steps in the passage into which his room opened. Much surprised, he went into his wife's room, the same which was occupied by ——— but found that she had not moved, and he passed the rest of the night there.

The eminence of the two persons concerned, the one a very distinguished judge, the other a well-known man of science, make their statements interesting. They curiously confirm the impression which my wife used to have of a light girl's footsteps tripping down the stair which led from the passage above alluded to to the room adjoining the drawing-room, where she sat so much at night.

I never myself saw or heard anything in the slightest degree extraordinary at the house in question, although I

have no want of the feeling of eeriness so common amongst my countrymen. I lived much in both the rooms which ——— and Bowen occupied. They look down the great avenue, and are as bright as rooms well could be.

16. The Midletons and others who came to us on Saturday left this morning. St. Swithin gave them an unfriendly welcome, for heavy rain fell all yesterday.

This afternoon in the large room at the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, with the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, I moved a resolution in favour of the establishment of a Lower Thames Valley branch of the Selborne Society. It was seconded by Sir. J. Whitaker Ellis, supported by Sir E. Herstlet, of the Foreign Office, and carried *nem. con.*

20. Returned to York House this afternoon from a visit to the Mallets, at Englefield Green.

Rainy weather continues, but we saw to some advantage yesterday the fine view from Cooper's Hill.

The Thames must have been in its present state when Denham described it in the celebrated quatrain :—

> "O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme !
> Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

Sir Robert Morier, now Ambassador at St. Petersburg, came down to dine, and I sat with him talking about Russian affairs till two this morning, but make no note

of what he said further than to record a happy phrase—"Russia is a great bicephalic creature, having one head European and the other Asiatic; but with the persistent habit of turning its European face to the East and its Asiatic face to the West."

The conclusions at which he has arrived seem in essentials curiously like those at which I arrived in 1864, when, after my visit to that country, I gave up so large a part of my time to writing on Russia.

Morier is full of the idea of developing an important trade between the interior of Siberia and the outer world, *viâ* the Obi and the Yenisei. His only son has just gone off to take part in a voyage directed to this end.

I spent some hours to-day with Hooker at his pretty house not far from Sunningdale, to which he has given the name of "The Camp," from its having been built on the site of the encampment where the victors of Culloden, too disreputable to be brought into London, were placed by the Government of the day.

He still goes three times a week to Kew to work at the "Flora Indica."

24. To talk with Lord Hartington in the forenoon, and Lord Northbrook in the evening, about the existing state of politics.

27. Gave away the prizes and spoke at the Holborn Estate Girls' School, near St. Clement Danes. As I was

leaving the room in which the proceedings took place I asked one of the people connected with the Institution, "What is the Holborn Estate?"

"The Holborn Estate," he replied, "has had a curious history. Some centuries ago St. Clement Danes was a West End Parish, and as it had no poor whatever connected with it, the churchwardens did not know what to do with a sum of £160 which had come into their hands. They laid it out accordingly in buying a field. The field now produces a rent of £5,000 per annum, and these schools are supported out of it."

29. Lady Dempster Metcalfe, Lord and Lady Knutsford, and Mrs. Simeon, *née* Childers, with her husband, a son of the "Prince of Courtesy," and inheriting something of his manner, were with us.

——— told me that some one had been going round his gallery with an English nobleman, and had said to him:

"But where is your beautiful Venus?"

"Oh!" said the other, "the Venus is sold."

"Sold!" exclaimed his friend. "What could have induced you to part with it?"

"Well, the fact is," was the reply, "that my daughter was showing some visitors over the house one day, and I overheard her say, pointing to it, "That is a portrait of my grandmother in the days of her youth!"

30. Mrs. Simeon showed me her album, in which many of the leading men of the day, Bright, Gladstone, Hartington, Chamberlain, Lord Derby, &c., &c., have written. Kimberley, oddly enough, has selected two of the lines which he quoted to me from Tasso at the Northbrook Club dinner last year, "Cogliam la rosa," &c., &c.

One of the most amusing contributions is a quotation from Lowell by Aberdare, "Advice to a young lady about to be married: Always let your husband have—your way," and Mat. Arnold's, dated 1884, is highly characteristic:

> "Of little threads our life is spun,
> And he spins ill who misses one."

August

1. Looked over, with Mr. and Mrs. Simeon, my collection of stones, and incorporated with it those lately received from Ceylon, the most interesting of which to me is a sapphire—half blue and half yellow.

Mr. Simeon told me that the riots of February 1886 occurred on the day on which he went with Childers, who is his father-in-law, to the Home Office.

So strangely were things managed at Scotland Yard, that the first news of what was going on, which reached

his chief, came about 6 o'clock in a private letter from Mrs. Childers, in which she mentioned that their windows had escaped!

My wife had this afternoon what, if the skies had been propitious, would have been a garden party, but it was impossible to venture out.

A band of girls from Hungary, picturesquely dressed, played extremely well. I asked them to begin with the famous "Rakotzki March," to which their countrymen like being killed. I should prefer going through that process to the air of "The Men of Harlech," or "The Garb of Old Gaul."

5. ——— told me that on her way to India she asked a friend where her father was, using a pet name for this grave official, who had governed a district about as big as Belgium.

The friend, never having heard the pet name, and supposing it to belong to a four-footed favourite, replied: "Oh, he is on the hurricane deck; the butcher is feeding him with the other little dogs!"

The celebration of the 200th anniversary of Pope's birth came to an end yesterday. Accident put me at the head of it, not unwillingly, for, although I am as little a Popean as Wilkes was a Wilkite, still I consider Pope to have been one of the most potent influences in giving its character to what Mat Arnold, in his introduction to *Ward's*

English Poets, rightly calls "our excellent and indispensable Eighteenth Century."

The essential part of the celebration was the collection of a great number of Pope relics in the Town Hall here, at the opening of which I presided on July 31st, putting on record in a brief speech the names of the persons who had done most to bring it together, giving the reasons why I thought the celebration was likely to be useful, and introducing Professor Henry Morley, who delivered a long address on the poet and his works, which, with much else, is recorded in the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* of last week.

The catalogue, which was done against time, is a most creditable piece of work, and Mr. Austin Dobson's *Dialogue to the Memory of Alexander Pope*, prefixed to it—a real possession.

I have been looking at Mr. Dobson's pieces a good deal lately, and very charming they are—not equalled anywhere, as far as I know, in their own kind. I have lit on nothing superior to *Before Sedan*, to which Coleridge called my attention years ago, and which he read aloud last autumn in Heath's Court; but a great many are delightful, such as *The Ladies of St. James's*, *Little Blue Ribbons*, *The Story of Rosina*, *The Ballad of Blue Brocade*, *The Child Musician*, *Good-night Babette*, and a *Fancy from Fontenelle*, founded on the words, "De mémoire des roses on n'a point vu mourir le jardinier."

I see from the Notes to the *Story of Rosina* that the young ladies who are said to have agreed that the sunset was "vulgar" did not stand alone. Charles Blanc says of Boucher: "Il trouvait la Nature trop verte et mal éclaireé; et son ami Lancret, le peintre des salons à la mode, lui repondait: Je suis de votre sentiment, la Nature manque d'harmonie et de séduction!"

9. I looked in yesterday at Bain's, and saw there the copy of Green's *Diary of a Lover of Literature*, which had belonged to Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám. Fitzgerald had a curious book-plate, said to have been designed by Thackeray—an angel with a blank shield upon the breast.

Green was a remarkable person. I have long possessed his book, and was turning it over to-day with the help of marks made by me a quarter of a century ago. One of them was at the passage where, as early as October 1796, he calls attention to Chesterfield's prediction of the French Revolution, written in 1753. It has often been noticed since; but it is clear that Green had never seen any notice of it. Speaking of a sea view by Turner, he says on 2nd June 1797: "I am entirely unacquainted with the artist, but if he proceeds as he has begun, he cannot fail to become the first in his department."

10. Recent conversations have recalled my attention to my Greek coins and electrotypes, at which I have hardly

looked since I took office in April 1880, and to-day I went to the British Museum where I was shown by Poole the extraordinary collection of rarities, Bactrian and other, which he wishes to buy from General Cunningham for the nation.

My large gold medal struck at Cuddapah, A.H. 1161, was quite new to every one in the coin-room.

Madame Renan writes from their summer home in the Côtes du Nord to say that the next volume of the *Histoire du peuple d'Israël* will probably appear in the end of October, and adds:—

"L'endroit où nous sommes est charmant, frais et doux, avec des bois et des prés verts, des landes couvertes d'ajoncs, un ciel gris, des rochers et une mer splendide ou sombre. Nous y vivons en famille, avec nos enfants et nos trois petits-enfants; c'est le meilleur moment de l'année."

At night took place the final meeting of the Pope Commemoration Committee, whose proceedings closed with a small balance to the good, which is to be expended in buying works bearing on the Pope period, for the Twickenham Free Library.

20. Returned to York House from High Elms, whither we went on the 18th.

Yesterday we walked over to Holwood, which is now the property of Lord Derby, and where he and Lady Derby are at present staying.

Holwood, or as he used to spell it, Hollwood, was bought by Pitt in 1784, because, as he himself wrote, he had bird-nested there when a boy, and had always wished to make it his own. The house which he inhabited must have been a small one, and has now quite disappeared. The appearance of the place, too, must have much changed, for Wilberforce, in his Diary, mentions that he, Grenville, and Pitt, went out armed with bill-hooks to cut their way from one large tree to another through the Holwood copses. The ground is now laid out as a park.

When I was looking up the notices of Holwood in Lord Stanhope's *Life of Pitt* at the Athenæum to-day, I came upon two lines from the *Rolliad* which amused me. The Marquis Graham of that day, being then a Lord of the Treasury, had unguardedly said in the House of Commons, that if they called his honourable friend "a goose," they would naturally call him "a gosling."

The wits of Brooks's, after speaking of his father, added—

> "His son, the heir apparent of Montrose,
> Feels for his beak and starts to find a nose."

I went down the South-Western line as far as Twickenham with Sir Joseph Hooker. Conversation turned upon the collection of vegetables which Dr. King sent to me when I was staying at Belvedere, in 1875, and Hooker said with truth that a *Flora Cibaria* of India was much wanted.

21. Glanced through a life of *Kitty Clive*, who lived long and died at Twickenham. There is little in the book worth remembering, save that Goldsmith wrote of her: "She has more true humour than any actress upon the English or any other stage I have seen;" and that Johnson said of her: "Clive is a grand thing to sit by; she always understands what you say."

She died in December 1785. Her husband, with whom she quarrelled long years before, appears to have been one of the well-known Herefordshire family, and to have been a man of some learning.

Turning over the curious Suffolk sea phrases collected in the second volume of an Edition of the works of Edward Fitzgerald, I came upon one which is worth noting: "The sea was all *clock calm*, calm, that is, as an old-fashioned eight-day clock with its open face and steady pulsation." It appears that these clocks were credited with knowing a good deal of what goes on in the house they inhabit, more indeed than the masters themselves, and of being able to foretell the death of a member of the family.

On another page is told an amusing story of a sailor who, bolder on sea than on land, said, "I don't mind a cow, but I'm not much *wropt up* in a bullock."

In these volumes the first edition of the *Rubáiyát* is published in its entirety, as well as the later one, which I possessed till somebody annexed it.

Here is one of the most striking variations—No. 33 in the first Edition:—

"Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, 'What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little children stumbling in the dark?'
And——'A blind understanding!' Heaven replied."

The version I have hitherto known, has:—

"Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs revealed
And hidden by the Sleeve of Night and Morn.
"Then of the Thee in Me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness and I heard
As from without—'The Me within Thee blind!'"

25. From London to Stratton, travelling as far as Micheldever with Stuart Rendel, whom I had not seen since I returned from Syria. He mentioned that the Duc d'Aumale had given an account, in his presence, of his father's visit to Paris during the Revolution, and of his interview with Danton, who advised him to leave the city, saying, "You have been here twenty-four hours; I know every one you have seen, and you have talked too much already."[1] During that interview Danton claimed the

[1] On 26th June 1895 the Duc repeated this story at The Club amidst many other interesting anecdotes. It was his last appearance amongst us, an evening not likely to be forgotten by any one who was present.

September Massacres as his own act, saying that it was necessary that a stream of blood should flow between the *Noblesse* and the people.

Have I anywhere noted that the last Lord Houghton told me that Louis Philippe remembered being at play with some of his relatives at the Palais Royal, when a very old man, most carefully dressed, came up to them and said, "Quelle belle Bourbonaille!" Before taking his departure, the same old man placed his hands on the head of the future King of the French, saying, "Souvenez-vous que vous avez été béni par Voltaire." He also remembered his tutor saying to him one day as they walked, "Look at that man on the other side of the street. You will be glad to have seen him; that is Jean Jacques."

My fellow-guests at Stratton were Sir Peter Lumsden of the Afghan Boundary, with his wife; the Humphry Wards, and Mr. Henry Calcraft, now Permanent Secretary at the Board of Trade. Oddly enough, I have seen him pass from being an extremely handsome boy to be an elderly man, without ever having chanced to make his personal acquaintance till now.

He was extremely intimate with Disraeli, and it was he who put together the pleasant little book, *Wit and Wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield.* Soon after *Lothair* came out, its author said to Mr. Calcraft, "I owe the best thing in the book to you—the description of the English language as consisting

of the words 'nice,' 'jolly,' 'charming,' and a 'bore.'" Presently afterwards, Calcraft met Motley at dinner, who told him that Disraeli had said precisely the same thing to him. At their first meeting Calcraft repeated to Disraeli what Motley had said. "Oh!" replied he, quite unabashed, "Motley did not find it out and liked it; you did find it out and didn't mind it!"

Northbrook lent me his correspondence with General Gordon. Here and there in the course of it that eccentric warrior hit a nail on the head; but many of the letters were foolish, and a very long one, in which he developed his theory about the Seychelles being the Garden of Eden, was the composition of a mere lunatic.

I had quite forgotten that my host had so many good pictures at his country home, and doubt whether I saw the one I should most care to possess, when last at Stratton. It is a portrait by Vandyke of Lord Newport, the son of Philip Sidney's *Stella*.

Sir Peter Lumsden gave a curious account of seeing, at the funeral of the French prisoners who had been murdered by the Chinese during the Anglo-French Expedition, a seeming Chinaman suddenly appear on the scene, throw off his pig-tail, and exchange in a moment the dress which he wore for the full pontificals of a Catholic Archbishop. He had been living in the country disguised as a native for many years.

Lord Dufferin writes under date of 1st August, giving an account of the new Viceregal Lodge at Simla :—

"The view is splendid, particularly at this season of the year, when the atmosphere is clear after rain, for we are high enough to look beyond the mountains to the plains, through which the Sutlej winds and shines under the evening sun like a great golden serpent."

Into the frieze of the dining-room he has introduced the shields of all the Governors-General and Viceroys from the time of Clive, and has allowed the shield of Holwell to occupy a vacant space immediately before that of Clive, although Holwell was never Governor-General.

He adds :—

"Did you know that the Heralds had given him a Canton on his shield, upon which a death's head on a sable ground is displayed? I suppose in allusion to the Black Hole of Calcutta—a singular armorial distinction for an English family to have acquired."

He writes, too, as was natural, of Sikkim, Burmah, and Ayoub Khan, giving also a very interesting account of being chloroformed for an operation, a sensation which he found most delightful. He remembered before the sudden black darkness a sensation of being carried upwards, accompanied by a fond hope that he should eventually come down again all right!

29. Mr. Thurston (see my Indian volumes) has sent me his catalogue of Batrachians, etc.

He names our mysterious little friend of the Nilgiris, so seldom seen and so hard to capture, *Ixalus variabilis*. One, which is now in the Madras Museum, appears to have been found at Kotagiri, inside the flower of an arum.

My sister sends me a long extract from a letter which she lately received from Fräulein Jenicke, in which the latter gives an amusing account of her experiences in the island of Sylt. She was building a sand castle by the sea, when she perceived that a lady near her, assisted by a very large number of children, was building a much larger sand castle. The unknown turned out to be the Queen of Roumania, and the owners of the adjoining sand castles became acquainted.

September

1. This morning I went over the Cathedral of Exeter, which is a much finer thing than I had imagined. The windows are full of geometrical and decorated tracery, without any intermixture of the Perpendicular. The style of the whole is that of the latter part of the thirteenth and the earlier part of the fourteenth century, though the western portion belongs in date to the second half of the fourteenth century.

The building is immensely long, an unbroken body running between the two towers, which were retained from an earlier cathedral and turned practically into transepts.

Even the Choir of Le Mans is much shorter than that of Exeter, and the Choir and Lady Chapel together are longer than the Nave. The whole forms a class by itself, and can be compared, says Freeman, with nothing but its own miniature at Ottery.

I bought to-day his book about Exeter, which forms the first of the series called *Historic Towns*, and have read enough of it to appreciate the vigorous paragraph with which it closes:—

"Exeter is emphatically a city of the past. Not only the great gulf by the Thames that swallows up all things, but Liverpool, Manchester, Brighton, its own neighbour, Torquay, have left Exeter far behind in the several elements of its compound life. But the city in which Briton and Englishman have an equal share, the city which has stood so many sieges at the hands of so many enemies—the city which received one William at its eastern gate and the other at its western—the city which still keeps at least the successors of the Wall of Æthelstan, the Minster of Leofric, the Castle of Baldwin, and the Guildhall of Shillingford—the one English city in which a Lord of the World has sat as a local lord, needing the approval of the lord of another world to confirm his acts—such a city as this can never lose its historic charm. A typical English city, alike in its greatness and in its practical fall from greatness, but more than an English city in its direct connection with two states of things more ancient than the English name in Britain—the city alike of Briton, Roman, and Englishman, the one great prize of the Christian Saxon, the city where Jupiter gave way to Christ, but where Christ never gave way to Woden—British Cærwisc, Roman Isca, West Saxon Exeter, may well stand

first on our roll-call of English cities. Others can boast of a fuller share of modern greatness; none other can trace up a life so unbroken to so remote a past."

Later in the day I went on to Heath's Court, where I found Lord and Lady Coleridge alone.

3. Our conversation turned on the 1st upon Sir David Dundas, and Coleridge told me that he had once been staying with him in Scotland when Sir George Rose was a fellow-guest. Dundas said to him, when he was standing in a room where the literary tastes were more conspicuous than the tidiness of its owner, "Won't you take a chair, Rose?"

"I can't," replied the great punster, "they are all booked."

To this visit, too, I owe a delightful formula for expressing the very minimum of confidence in a medical man:—"Oh! I don't think the presence of ——— would interfere with the curative processes of nature."

Coleridge gave me a copy of Newman's Poems, which I have not hitherto possessed, except in so far as they are included in the *Lyra Apostolica*.

He showed me, too, a volume entirely in Keble's hand,[1] in which their author had, as early as 20th September 1822, copied out for a lady, whose initials were M. H. P., a good many of the poems which

[1] Or very skilfully lithographed from it.

afterwards were published in the *Christian Year*. Wherever Keble made a change in these poems before he published them, he made it, so far as I observed, to their advantage; but several of my chief favourites were amongst them substantially in the form in which we all know them; as for instance the exquisite lines for the Wednesday before Easter.

In the same volume there were some verses in which the difficulties of the Sid in reaching the sea, which attracted my attention last year, have been turned to poetical account by Mr. Cornish, the same who wrote the lines about the red-breast, which are printed in the *Christian Year*.

Coleridge read to me also a very vigorous hymn by Dr. Arnold, which has not, I think, been published; and showed me, in a book of extracts which he had begun at Balliol in 1842, a poem on the Blessed Virgin, by Keble, not rising to the level of his best work, but interesting. Sir John Coleridge was over-persuaded by some injudicious friends not to publish this.

I returned this afternoon to York House, travelling from Ottery Junction with Sir Edward Malet, who told me a variety of things, chiefly about persons, which I was glad to know. He was on his way from Endsleigh to Berlin, which he hoped to reach on the 8th, *taking Balmoral en route*. Such are the penalties of greatness!

5. Miss Erskine came to stay with us. She told me that she had asked Mr. Adams, the astronomer, the well-known riddle, "Which part of a cathedral does Mr. Gladstone resemble?" To this the answer has hitherto been, "The Nave which separates the two Aisles!"

"You should amend the answer," he said, "and make it: 'The Nave, which takes in the Masses and separates the two Aisles.'"

6. Read in the second volume of Macaulay's *History of England* his account of the scene in the Cathedral of Exeter when William of Orange went thither in military state:—

"He mounted the Bishop's seat, a stately throne rich with the carving of the fifteenth century. Burnet stood below, and a crowd of warriors and nobles appeared on the right hand and on the left. The singers, robed in white, sang the Te Deum. When the chaunt was over, Burnet read the Prince's declaration, but as soon as the first words were uttered, prebendaries and singers crowded in all haste out of the choir. At the close Burnet cried in a loud voice, 'God save the Prince of Orange!' and many fervent voices answered 'Amen.'"

I looked yesterday at the account of the expedition in *Burnet's History of his own Times*, but Macaulay seems here to have followed other authorities.

Freeman says the Bishop's throne, which he calls the stateliest *Cathedra* of its kind in England, was making in 1328.

Clara, Evelyn, and I dined with Captain Webb, meeting, amongst others, General Dodgson, who was commanding in Delhi when I was there in 1875. I dined along with him in Sir John Strachey's camp, and between us sat a lady, who, learning that General Dodgson was a native of Montrose, went at great length into the question whether it would be best for herself and her family to remain in India or to settle in the immediate neighbourhood of their relative who had lately succeeded to the Dalhousie title and estates.

General Dodgson listened most patiently to all that she had to advance, and then with a marked Scotch accent, gave his opinion in the following words: "Well, ma'am, Forfarshire is a very nice part of the country to come *from!*"

9. When consulting König's *Deutsche Literatur Geschichte* for another purpose, I lit on the fact, which I ought to have known long ago, that my favourite *Aennchen von Tharau* was composed originally by Simon Dach, one of the Königsberg group of poets (1605-1659) in Platt-Deutsch, and translated into German by Herder. It is said to have been addressed on her marriage to Anna Neander, the daughter of a friend.

I see, too, that *Nun danket alle Gott*, the chorale of Leuthen, was written by Rinkart in 1649, just after the "ever-memorable and holy treaty" had put an end to the Thirty Years' War.

12. Drove over to spend an hour or two with the Mallets. Sir Louis is putting the finishing touches to his Report on the Silver Question, not finding himself able to sign Lord Herschell's. We talked of the conversations between the Duke of Wellington and the late Lord Stanhope, alluded to on an earlier page, and Mallet told me, on the authority of Lady de Ros, that Lord Stanhope had sadly bored the Duke by his continual questions. His habit was to sit down beside the great man after dinner, on the little table on which was placed his lamp. Lady de Ros perceiving this, thought to create a diversion in the Duke's favour by covering the table with books; but the enemy was not to be foiled. He had soon taken off all the books and resumed his old place. "I don't think much of your fortifications," said the Duke to his unsuccessful ally.

On our way home we descended the hill beyond Englefield, and then, turning to the right, followed the course of the river towards Staines, a beautiful and typical English drive. I think it was in point of weather the most agreeable day we have had since Whitsuntide.

I lit to-day, in one of the Reviews, on an amusing saying about a poor poem by Dorat, which was admirably illustrated, "Il se sauve de planche en planche." I wonder if it was known to the author of the distich, more witty than true:—

> "Rogers's Italy, Luttrell relates,
> Had been utterly dished were it not for the plates."

14. Sir Clare Ford, Arthur's late chief at Madrid, came to lunch. I repeated to him the remark made to me by a gentleman in India: "I cannot think the position of Spain to be very bad when she has at the head of her three great parties three such men as Canovas, Castelar, and Sagasta." He assented, adding that "the most favourable symptom in Spain appeared to him to be the rising importance of a sensible middle class and the relegation of the military chiefs to their proper business of soldiering."

20. Leaving York House on the morning of the 15th, I travelled *via* York to Nunnington Hall, which belongs to an elder brother of Rutson's, its present occupant. Since his name was last mentioned in these Notes, he has married a daughter of the late Charles Buxton by the lady whom Sydney Smith as truly as wittily called the "Venus de Medici."

Nunnington Hall stands on the banks of the Rye, and a few hundred yards down the stream there is a mill-race mentioned in "Domesday Book." The house was built by Lord Preston, Secretary of State to James II., and he lived in it, after his pardon, in great retirement. Its chief feature is a fine oak staircase.

The 16th was, unlike its predecessor, a lovely day, and we spent much of it in the open air, but nothing occurred specially to distinguish it, unless it was that Lyulph Stanley

quoted, at dinner, a singularly felicitous description of the Porte: "C'est un sanglier qui est devenu cochon."

On the 17th I rode with Rutson to Rievaulx Abbey, across a pleasant undulating country covered with crops, which, seeing that we have had the worst season I remember in England, appeared to me surprisingly good.

We crossed Lord Feversham's Park, once the property of Charles II.'s Duke of Buckingham, but now and for some generations in possession of the Duncombes. Nearly the whole of the house stands in ruins, not having been rebuilt since the great fire some years ago.

When the Park had been left behind we soon came to a steep declivity, which we descended to find ourselves once more on the banks of the Rye, and to follow it, for some hundred yards up its course, to the beautiful Cistercian House to which it gives its name.

Rievaulx was built in 1131 in a locality described as one "vastæ solitudinis et horroris," no doubt from the whole of the region round having been so devastated by the Danes that civilisation was interrupted in it for a long period.

The nave has disappeared, and the most important parts of the building which remain are the choir and the refectory. The blue sky seen through the clerstory windows was the most distinctive recollection which I carried away from my visit to the interior.

On the 19th I drove from Easthorpe to Malton, and went

thence by railway to York, where I spent a quarter of an hour in the always delightful Minster, remembering, in the presence of the Five Sisters, the curious answer made by Stonewall Jackson, which I have recorded on an earlier page.

I recalled, too, as I walked from the station, my wife's lines, written just before we started for India, when I went to York to preside over Section F of the British Association:—

"O'er the cathedral towers
The autumn sunset pours
Its Alpine glow,
Making each carving rare,
Gargoyle and buttress fair,
In crimson show.

"Behind, in clouds of grey,
Fades into night the day
That was so bright;
And deeper on each spire,
Each moment shines like fire,
The dying light.

"I go to power and place,
To rule in right of race,
Millions of men.
But though come place and power,
Comes that sweet evening hour,
Never again."

From York I proceeded *via* Leeds to Ilkley, where I

passed last night, visiting early this morning Bolton Abbey, or Priory, as it ought to be called.

Here it is the nave which has been best preserved—so well preserved that part of it has been roofed in and turned into a very pretty and serviceable church.

On my way up the Wharfe to the Strid, through pleasant woods, I duly visited the little moss-house which affords the best view of the ruins, whose aspect is, however, not improved by the roof of the church above alluded to.

I had taken the precaution of bringing a volume of Wordsworth with me, and on this spot I finished re-reading *The White Doe of Rylstone.* It is that poem which gives to Bolton its only advantage over Rievaulx. Full though it be of the most characteristic faults of its great author, it gives me now almost as much pleasure as when I first became acquainted with it forty-three years ago.

How perfect in their kind are the following lines:—

"What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of State
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath."

And again :—

"She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone ;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast ;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might :
If she be doomed to inward care
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
——But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves——with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown ;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down ;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side ;
Even so, without distress doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly."

From Bolton Abbey I went *via* Bradford to Rochdale, where I dropped a train, and drove up through that phenomenally hideous town to ask for Mr. Bright at One Ash. I saw his daughter, who did not give me as good an account as I had hoped to hear, speaking of his condition as still precarious.

One Ash is a rather modest habitation, just outside

the town, and somewhat above it. The rhododendrons which border the little drive leading up to it have, I fear, rather a bad time in the smoke-laden atmosphere.

21. Talked with ———. Speaking of her way of thinking, she said: "What was sunset to me when I was outside the Life is sunrise to me now I am within it."

24. Quitting Smithills in a thick mist on the morning of the 24th, I found my way to Liverpool, and so by a steamer of the new Manx Line to Douglas. The sea was perfectly calm, but our speed was diminished by the thickness of the weather. We took just under four hours to accomplish a journey which is said to have been made in just under three. That infers a speed of full twenty-four miles an hour.

A drive of between two and three miles, first through the town of Douglas (which lives more, I think, than any other by letting its lodgings), and then along country roads, took me to Government House, where I found Mr. Spencer Walpole, his wife, and daughter.

The conversation turned in the evening on Lord Russell's verse, and His Excellency read a passage in which there were two lines quite new to me:—

> "The smallest pearl, if in a necklace set,
> Has gained a value from the pearls it met."

He also called my attention to the fine lines by Lady Lawrence, *née* Honoria Marshall, which are quoted in

Merivale's *Life of Sir Henry*, under the title of "The Soldier's Bride." They begin with the verse:—

"And wilt thou be a soldier's bride,
Girl of the sunny brow?
Then sit thee down and count the cost
Before thou take the vow!"

He pointed out to me a remarkable passage in the Life of Sir William Napier, edited by Aberdare. It occurs, I may as well mention, at page 489 of vol. ii., for the book is provided with no index, and has only a meagre table of contents:—

"When Admiral Sir Edward Codrington came to Guernsey officially, he and papa and his son and daughter and myself went to Sark. Coming back in an open boat, at about 8 p.m. there was a beautiful golden sunset on a calm summer sea, just crisped with the ripple of an evening breeze. Sir Edward was criticising Turner as extravagant and unnatural, and my father said that was thought so because few had observed Nature so closely under so many aspects and tried to paint some of the rarer ones—yet not so rare, either, were observation keener. Sir Edward said, 'Well, General, but now those reds, those blazing reds—you must allow those are overdone.' My father looked round, and, pointing with his hand to the sea toward the east, said, 'Look there!' As every little ripple rose it was a triangle of burning crimson sheen from the red sunset light upon it, of a brilliancy not even Turner himself could equal in his most highly coloured picture. The whole broad sea was a blaze of those burning crimson triangles, all playing into each other, and just parting and showing their forms again as the miniature billows rose and fell. 'Well, well!' said Sir

Edward, 'I suppose I must give up the reds, but what will you say to his yellows? Surely they are beyond everything!' 'Look there!' said my father, pointing to the sea on the western side of our boat, between us and the setting sun—every triangular wave there, as the ripples rose, was in a yellow flame, as bright as the other was red, and glittering like millions of topaz lights. Sir Edward Codrington laughed kindly and admiringly, and said, 'Well! I must give in—I've no more to say; you and Turner have observed Nature more closely than I have.'"

A fine eminence which stood up in front of us for some time was South Berule, near which people like to find the site of the Black Fort where the hero went to visit his lady love in *Peveril of the Peak*. I have been having that book read to me as a preparation for a visit to this island. Sir Walter Scott, however, was never in Man, and drew largely on his imagination for its scenery.

The Athanasian Creed coming up in the course of our walk, my host mentioned that Lord Cottenham's brother, Dr. Pepys, having begun a sermon in Worcester Cathedral with the words: "Opposed as I have been all my life to the Faith of the Catholic Church," was interrupted by some one in the Nave chanting in a loud voice: "Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

This evening my wife and Clara, who left York House a few hours after I did, and have been staying with the Stephens in Ireland, arrived by a Belfast steamer.

26. A fine autumn day, cloudless and perfectly still.

We walked some way into the interior, and then turning round, came down upon Onchan Harbour and the cliff scenery near it.

Inter alia, we talked of the story which Coleridge had told us both, of Lord Erskine having said to Canning "I think Mr. Percival must be a more considerable man than you believe him to be, for you never make a speech without making an enemy, and he never makes a speech without making a friend—that goes a good way in the long run." The sea and the herring boats which were going out of harbour led to the Commission on which Mr. Walpole served a good many years ago with Frank Buckland, and in the course of which they were led to believe that the operations of the fishermen had really little effect in diminishing the population of the seas. When they came in sight of the great rollers on the coast of Cornwall, Buckland, after contemplating them for a little, turned to his companion, and said: "This shows what a damned fool the House of Commons is, compared to the Atlantic Ocean!"

27. We made a long expedition to-day by one of the 3-feet gauge lines of the island to Bishop's Court, passing on the way the Tynwald Hill, where the Legislature still assembles on 5th July, in obedience to one of the most ancient and venerable customs of the Norse races.

Bishop's Court is an interesting old building, portions of which go back six hundred years. The Bishop (Dr. Bardsley) made a good cicerone, and showed us, amongst other things, the library of Bishop Wilson, and the walk where the old man used to pace up and down till the age of ninety-two. The grounds are pleasant and extensive, full in spring of primroses and wild hyacinths. It was in these walks that I was introduced to Professor Rhys, the Celtic scholar, who has come over here to study Manx.

October

On the 8th I drove with Lady Henley from Watford Court to Daventry and Ashby St. Ledgers, once the seat of the Catesby family, to which belonged the famous favourite of Richard III., who figures in the line:—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog."

The Gunpowder Plot conspirator was one of the same race.

At Watford I received a letter from ———, who recalled an amusing story of Hayward's about Lady Waldegrave, who, when she was about to marry Lord Carlingford, felt faint, and her maid said: "Give her sal volatile; she always takes it when she is married." He also quoted from Landor, "Those are the worst of suicides who voluntarily and propensely stab or suffocate their own fame when

God hath commanded them to stand on high for an example."

At Watford I read a good deal of *The New Antigone*, which is open, as a work of art, to some criticism, but which has the only merit I ask for in a novel—that of adding to one's acquaintance a new and agreeable figure. Hippolyta is decidedly attractive in all the phases of her very devious career.

I cannot say as much good of *St. Ronan's Well.* I had it read to me in these last days because Coleridge told me that he thought Miss Mowbray the most remarkable of Scott's female characters.

I bow to his judgment, but on my mind that much suffering heroine has left no distinct impression at all.

10. Clara and I returned yesterday to York House, and to-day we drove over to see Kinglake at Richmond. He seemed more satisfied with the recently published life of Lord Stratford than I had expected to find him. I had no idea that the "Great Elchi" had got his start so early; he was already employed on a negotiation of first-rate importance—the treaty of Bucharest—at about the age at which my two eldest sons entered Diplomacy as unpaid attachés.

Kinglake showed us a sword which had been given him by Garibaldi, and two despatch boxes, one or both of which Lord Raglan had used during the Peninsular War.

We drove on to Professor Owen's cottage, and found him still full of talk, though since his name was last mentioned in these Notes some months ago, his power of locomotion has much failed him.

He showed us the skull of a marsupial leopard lately sent him from Australia, and talked much of a curious instance of heredity in his own family. His grandson, now an under-graduate at Cavendish College, Cambridge, has developed so remarkable a turn for playing the organ, that the authorities have been able to dispense with the services of a regular organist. Now, Professor Owen's mother was for several years organist of Ormskirk Church, and her father again was long organist at Lancaster. Their name was Parrin, and they came of ancestors who took refuge in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

13. A note from Arthur Russell two or three days ago brought me intelligence of the death of Venables, so often mentioned in these pages. He was seventy-eight, but appeared still strong and hale last summer. This morning there is an article upon him by Stephen in the *Saturday Review*, which ends as follows:—

"With all his gravity of style and dignity of manner, a more delightful, more amusing, more impressive, companion than Mr. Venables has never been known. In the company of such men as Mr. Thackeray, Lord Houghton, Mr. Spedding, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Brookfield and many others not less well known,

he would be the life and soul of the party, full of fun, revelling in anecdotes, breaking out into Homeric laughter over jokes, the sarcastic wit of which Swift would have been proud of, though he might have sneered at their freedom from envy, hatred, malice, and every sort of uncharitableness. He was the most masculine and, in a strangely shy way, the most tender-hearted and affectionate of men; he was loved and admired as he deserved to be by those who really knew him, and to them the obscurity in which it was quite as much his choice as his fate to live can never make any difference in their belief that the world, little as it is aware of the fact, has since his death counted amongst its inhabitants one great man the less."

I do not remember where we first met, but it must have been in 1856 or '57, among the group of men who founded the *Saturday Review*, in the first number of which he wrote the first leading article.

He was of a more Conservative way of thinking than most of my friends, but I attached great importance to his opinion upon matters which did not raise too distinctly the issues between the Old order and the New.

16. Evelyn brought an excellent story about one of the kings of Naples from the Foreign Office. He was out shooting with an English companion, when he suddenly handed his gun to the latter and climbed into a tree. This remarkable proceeding was speedily explained to his fellow sportsman by the appearance of a wild bull in full career who, however, swerved away without attacking

him. When the Monarch descended he calmly observed: "Questa bestia non m'e simpatica! Se fosse un'leone!"

23. To a lecture by Frederic Harrison at a little school in Petersham, in which Lady Russell, with whom the lecturer is staying, takes a special interest.

He chose for his subject the Great Books of the World, confining, himself, however to those of an imaginative character in prose or verse. Most of the judgments which he enunciated were such as I should have expected as being in accordance with what I know of his opinions, and of his vast literary knowledge, but he put *Quentin Durward* strangely high, and considered that it and *Faust*—what a conjunction!—were the two last great books of the world of the kind about which he was speaking.

25. It has been the finest October I can remember, and to-day was quite lovely, a great contrast to the chill and gloom of the same day last year which I passed at Cracow.

31. I left York House with Clara on the morning of the 26th, and passed *via* Windermere to Fox Ghyll, near Ambleside, which belongs to the widow of Mr. W. E. Forster, *née* Jane Arnold, and is at present occupied by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

We woke on the morning of the 27th to find that a bad evening had ushered in a much worse day.

The Rotha, on the banks of which the house stands, was in high flood. About noon, however, I went up with

Mrs. Ward to Fox How, which is only a few hundred yards off. It has been the centre of the family since the days of which one reads in *Stanley's Life of Arnold*, and is now inhabited by the youngest of his daughters.

I saw there Arnold's library, the picture of him by Phillips (an engraving of which was the *palladium* of most Rugby men's rooms when I was at Oxford), and Wordsworth's Sonnet describing the view which we ought to have seen, and did not see, from the drawing-room window.

It was copied in the poet's own hand, and runs as follows :—

"Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while morn first crowns thee with her rays,
Or when along thy breast serenely float
Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are gone
From every object dear to mortal sight,
As soon we shall be, may these words attest
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest."

Later in the day we went in heavy rain up the right bank of the Rotha, past the house which belonged to Mr.

Quillinan, and where one of his daughters still resides. When in sight of Rydal Mount, the home of Wordsworth, we turned to the right, and, entering the grounds of Rydal Hall, followed a tributary stream which made to-day an almost continuous cataract between (what can only deserve to be called in fine weather) the Upper and Lower Cascades.

The 28th was no better than its predecessor, but we managed a walk in waterproofs over the shoulder of Loughrigg, which rises behind Fox Ghyll, and went on to a point whence we could see Oxenfell. Later in the afternoon we returned to Fox How, whither Miss Arnold had brought an extremely curious album which belongs to Miss Quillinan, and had been the property of her sister Rotha, now dead.

The first entry in it is the original of Wordsworth's Sonnet addressed to her as his god-child.

Moore added in his beautiful hand:—

"Oft in the stilly night,"

Campbell in an equally good hand :—

"Britannia needs no bulwarks."

Hood, his :—

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born."

Professor Wilson, a translation of some lines by Meleager, Wordsworth his quatrain :—

"Small service is true service while it lasts,
Of humblest friends, bright creature! scorn not one.
The daisy by the shadow that it casts
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

On one page are the signatures of Miss Martineau and Charlotte Brontë, but this is not the book alluded to in Mat Arnold's poem on Haworth Churchyard, in which book are the last lines ever known to have been written by Scott. That book has been given by Miss Quillinan to one of the Wordsworth family.

We searched for a poem by Wordsworth appropriate to the diluvial weather, and found it in the one which he wrote when the death of Mr. Fox was imminent.

"Loud is the Vale! the voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her voices, one!

"Loud is the Vale!—this inland depth
In peace is roaring like the sea;
Yon star upon the mountain top
Is listening quietly.

"Sad was I, even to pain deprest
Importunate and heavy load!
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road.

"And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

"A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss,
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this;

"That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?"

In an interesting book of autographs belonging to Miss Arnold I found a letter from Disraeli to the mother of Mrs. Cyril Flower, dated in 1864, in which having occasion to mention Carlyle, he spells his name Carlisle.

Both on the 27th and 28th Clara read to me many of Faber's poems which have reference to the neighbourhood of Ambleside.

I observed on Loughrigg that his botany was better, in one instance at least, than his Biblical scholarship. He says in some verses on that mountain:—

"Thy southern scars, all masked with oak-wood bowers,
Like feudal dwellings, mouldering whitely, shine
Through the soft nights of summer, as the towers
In the deep yellow moon-light on the Rhine.

"'To winter's cold-eyed sun, o'er snowy drifts
That scriptural tree, the juniper, doth lean,
While many a patch of wannest silver shifts
O'er the strange dazzling sheet of white and green.'"

I found the juniper in great abundance, but the

juniper of our Bibles is not the juniper, but the *Retama rætam* mentioned in a previous page.

The rain ceased in the night, the Rotha sank within its banks, and we reached the station at Windermere on the forenoon of the 29th without driving through water. We slept at Perth and got to Mr. Webster's, at Edgehill, before one o'clock on the 30th. There we found Goschen and his Secretary, Mr. Milner. In the evening we all attended a very large meeting, over which Lord Fife presided, and which was addressed by Goschen at great length. To-day I have accompanied him to various functions, and I spoke at the banquet which was given him, in reply to the toast of the Indian and Colonial Empire, proposed by Mr. Stormonth Darling, just appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland.

November

1. A beautiful sunrise from my window overlooking the Dee.

Goschen went south this morning. Our conversation during these days turned chiefly, as was natural, upon current politics, but he mentioned incidentally that Bismarck had told him that he had not been able to keep up with our modern English literature, but that he knew our older authors pretty well, and added that

his favourite passage was that in the *School for Scandal* where Charles Surface puts up for sale the portraits of his ancestors.

The Chancellor had visited York in his early days, and when there, fell in with some young cavalry officers who invited him to their mess, "Da wurde es gründlich pokalirt!" he added.

In the middle of the day we ourselves went on to the north, reaching my brother's at Delgaty soon after three o'clock.

3. They have lately, by removing one of the ceilings at Delgaty, found a roof curiously ornamented and covered with inscriptions dating from the last years of the sixteenth century, and reminding one of those at St. Michel Montaigne (see these Notes for 1877).

On the afternoon of the 2nd I drove with Clara from Turriff to Eden, and walked over the whole house with her. The family occupying it had just gone, and all the rooms were in confusion, but it seemed in substantial repair. The grounds, on the other hand, had gone simply to ruin. I could not have believed that thirteen years could have made so great a change. The only thing that had notably prospered was a Wellingtonia, of which I remember the planting, and which is rapidly growing into an extremely fine tree.

From Eden we drove to Banff, where we dined with Mr.

Ramsay, and where I addressed a meeting of my old constituents upon some aspects of the present state of politics.

From Banff we went to Aberdeen by a train which only stopped at Huntly, a vast improvement upon anything I have ever known in the north, and after spending some hours with Mr. Hunter, found ourselves once more at Edgehill.

7. The morning of the 4th went most agreeably in examining our host's treasures, more especially his wonderful collection of Rembrandt's etchings, and in the afternoon we drove to Drum.

Over the fireplace in the library of that most interesting old house there is a huge picture of Satan rising from Chaos, by a grand-uncle of Mr. Irvine's.

It was sent on one occasion to some exhibition, and required, of course, a gigantic case. This attracted the attention of a passer-by, who asked the man, who was in charge of the cart in which the picture lay, what it was.

He promptly replied:—"It's the deevil frae Drum on an expedeetion!"

Mr. Webster gave me a very pretty copy from the Beckford Library of the *Itinerarium Galliae* by Sincerus, published in 1649.

It was the "Murray's Handbook" of the period, and guided the traveller not only through France, but to the shores of England.

The account of Oxford is highly edifying.

Here is the whole of it :—

"Oxoniam, urbem in qua Academia. Sedecim hic sunt collegia. Unum ex iis vocatur Reginæ, in quod si visant extranei et conspiciantur à studiosis inhabitantibus in cornu bubulo praegrandi de cerevesia sua ipsis propinant. Laudem meretur officiosa hæc humanitas aliam, quam effrenis alibi non studiosorum sed latronum in transeuntes grassantium petulantia. Bibliotheca libris et cufis et manuscriptis instructissima est in collegio novo."

In a copy of the works of the great Lord Halifax, which was lying on my bedroom table, I found amongst his *Cautions for the Choice of Members of Parliament*, the following remark, having reference to the unduly early age at which some men entered the House of Commons in the days of Charles II. :—

"They were not green geese whose cackling is said to have saved the Capitol—they were certainly of full age."

From Edgehill we travelled on the 5th to the Shands, who have, since they were last mentioned in these Notes, transferred themselves from New Hailes to Edinburgh.

A conversation on the 4th at Drum led me to look out for and see, a little on the Aberdeen side of Stonehaven, the ruined Chapel of St. Mary of the Storms, which gives a touch of poetry to that stern coast.

In the evening, after meeting at dinner Mr. Butcher, the Professor of Greek, Charles Dalrymple, and others, I

opened, as I did fourteen years ago, the annual course of the Philosophical Institution, by reading an address on Madras and Southern India. (See Appendix.)

On the forenoon of the 6th I took Clara to see some of the more interesting places in Edinburgh, through which we were piloted by Mr. Douglas, under whose guidance I re-visited various things once familiar enough; and saw, amongst new ones, the house of Sir Walter Scott in North Castle Street, as well as St. Giles's, now restored and made into a very fine church. The monument of Montrose is among the chief of its attractions.

I saw also the Advocate's Library, which, strange to say, I do not think I ever entered before, and the tiny Norman chapel of St. Margaret in the Castle.

In the afternoon I made a number of visits, seeing, amongst old acquaintances, Lady Dempster Metcalfe, Lord Moncrieff—who has lately retired from the Bench, and whose son took his seat yesterday under the name of Lord Wellwood—as well as Mrs. Young, whose husband, whom I missed, also sat long with me in the House of Commons, and was well known, not only for his business powers, but for his dry humour. He it was who once said to me when we were a little nervous on the Treasury Bench about the results of a division, "Oh! it's all right; George Glyn has gone up to Gladstone wagging his tail."

I called likewise on Sir William Muir, formerly Lieut.-

Governor of the North-West Provinces, and now Principal of the University of Edinburgh, who presided at my address on the 5th; and on Mr. Findlay, the proprietor of *The Scotsman*, who also took part in the proceedings.

I further made the acquaintance of Mr. Hutchison Stirling, the Hegelian, whose daughter, a friend of Clara's, paid us a visit lately at York House.

Conversation turned at dinner to the suit in which Alexander Russel, the editor of the *Scotsman*, had been cast in damages for a libel on Mr. Duncan Maclaren. Amongst other amenities, it appeared that he described that gentleman as a "wee snake." Some time after, Russel avenged himself for losing his suit, in an article upon some statistics which his old enemy had put together, by remarking that every one knew that Mr. Duncan Maclaren was a "great adder."

It was with reference to this very case that Russel himself told me an anecdote illustrating the working of the jury system in civil cases in Scotland. He averred that one of the jurymen was heard to say:—"I dinna ken, ye see, that he was just sae wrang in the matter in hand; but then there were thae dawmed releegious opeenions o' his!"

A gentleman present told us that on going into Russel's room on one occasion, the latter remarked: "Dear me, how white you get!"

"At least," rejoined his friend, "I have a great deal more

hair than you." "Oh," replied Russel, "my hair long ago preferred death to dishonour!"

To-day we returned to York House by the East Coast route.

12. Mr. Gosling, lately Secretary of Embassy at Madrid, and his wife, left us to-day. She is a grand-niece of the Count Fersen, who took charge of the Royal Family of France on their flight to Varennes, and afterwards rose to a very high place in Sweden, but was murdered by the mob of Stockholm in 1810 under the quite erroneous impression that he had been concerned in the death of the Crown Prince Karl August, a member of the House of Augustenburg, who had been adopted by Karl XIII.

It was the death of that popular favourite which assured the succession to the present family, Bernadotte having been elected by the Estates a few weeks after he expired.

13. I received a few days ago a letter from a French gentleman, the Comte de Basterot, who writes:—

"The charming old place where you live is well known to me. The last time I was there was in June, 1871, at the baptism of Princess Helena of Orleans, now one of the prettiest Princesses of Europe."

Dined with the Duke of Bedford to meet a large Unionist party, sitting next to Lord Selborne.

We talked of Faber, with whom he had been very

intimate at Oxford. I repeated to him Lady Derby's estimate of Faber's conversation, which is very high, and he agreed, with the reservation, that its fault, like that of his letters and poetry, was its "superlativeness."

I told him Wordsworth's remark to Aubrey de Vere, quoted on a previous page, about Faber's eye for Nature. This, too, he accepted with the same reservation, saying that Wordsworth saw Nature as it was; Faber with a halo round it.

He spoke much of Gladstone, and said that as far back as 1872 he had talked of retiring.

The name of Edward Fitzgerald coming up, I asked if he had read his *Agamemnon*. He had, and greatly admires it, putting it above Morshead's, which I have not seen, but hear praised, and remarking, with much truth, that a translator might be too good a scholar. Perfect translations, even of prose, he thought impossible; how much more of poetry. He had not read the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám, which I strongly recommended. That led to talk about Oriental poetry, which does not attract him.

"People speak," he said, "of the Orientalism of the Bible, but the Bible is curiously un-Oriental. The only thoroughly Oriental book it contains is the Song of Solomon."

Conversation wandered to Sir David Dundas, and the

Duke mentioned that that worthy man had said to him as they sat together in the House: "I often think that Maister Gladstone will joomp on the table and run awa' with the Mace."

25. Mrs. Ward, *née* Simeon, and her husband, Mr. Richard Ward, spent the Sunday with us. She told me that Mrs. Procter, "our Lady of Bitterness," listened one day to an excellent sermon by her friend Brookfield upon evil-speaking and the sins of the tongue.

When it was over she met the preacher as usual at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and said: "Hit you and me rather hard, didn't it?"

26. I dined to-day with the Plumbers' Company, of which Mr. Bishop is, this year, Master.

The dinner, which was a very large one, took place in the fine but quite modern hall belonging to the Saddlers, in Cheapside. I proposed the toast of "Sanitary science and technical instruction."

On my right was Lord Denbigh, with whom I had not had a really long talk for many years.

He gave me *inter alia* a very curious account of his last interview with Father Burke, the famous Dominican orator and humorist, who spoke almost with despair of the state of things in Ireland, and said that the appointment of "good bishops" was the one chance of her being saved to the Catholic Faith.

27. I went to-day to the Athenæum for the purpose of reading in Heine's *Thomas Reynolds* the passages referred to in a letter which I lately received from Byrne, and from which the following is an extract:—

"The fact is, mankind has lived now so long, that there is not one question political, social, or religious, that has not come up before, in one form or another, at one time or another, among one portion or other of the race, and received the judgment of history upon it. Know this, take your question and turn on it the strong side-lights of historical analysis, and the discoveries you may make will be surprising. The pity is that the *Zauberstab der Analogie* (as Novalis calls it) is such a difficult thing to use efficaciously. It wants a master-hand such as I have not."

"Wenn sie den Stein der Weisen hätten.
Der Weise mangelte dem Stein."

Freely translated:—

"The conjurer's wand a bauble were
The wand, without the conjurer."

"The passages in Heine are to be found in pages 85 and 95, vol. xii. of my edition (Hoffmann and Campe, Hamburg, 1885), in one of his miscellaneous writings, entitled *Thomas Reynolds*, Reynolds being the informer who betrayed Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

"In the one he speaks of 'the incalculable blessings which union with Great Britain will some day confer on Ireland, when Ireland, Scotland, and England shall have been fused into one organic whole,' and of 'the pitiable figure an independent Ireland would cut in the next European *Völkerturnier*.' In the other he speaks of the excellent compound that will result

when the Germanic and Celtic elements have been molten into one. I would send you the passages, but you will like best to read them *in situ* with the context.

"Heine was a great 'seer' into the tendencies of things, and predicted correctly when other people's predictions, being of their time and party, came to nothing."

Mr. Haskett Smith, from Dalieh, frequently mentioned in the Haïfa period of these Notes, arrives, having been summoned by Mr. Oliphant, who, with his newly-married wife, was transferred to York House, desperately ill, before I returned from Scotland.

Mr. Smith is brought hither to exert the mysterious healing powers which Mr. Oliphant firmly believes him to possess, but to which he makes no claim.

28. Dined with Lord Denbigh at the Salisbury Club, meeting William Feilding, whom I have seen very rarely since he was a young man, but who is now on the eve of becoming a Lieut.-General, and Dr. Baynard Klein, who had much to say that interested me about the attitude of the Holy See towards Ireland.

He mentioned incidentally that he had once heard an Englishwoman say to an American, who had been recounting his travels: "Well, well, a rolling stone gathers no moss." "Ah! but it becomes so polished as it rolls!" was the reply.

Something led to a talk about oratorical blunders, and I cited the case, mentioned in a previous page, of the M.P.,

whom I heard say, "Depend upon it, Mr. Speaker, the white face of the British soldier is the backbone of your Indian army."

"That reminds me," said Dr. Klein, "of the French General who exclaimed: 'Citoyens! Ce sabre est le plus beau jour de ma vie!'"

29. To see Kinglake, who told me that in the middle of the war with Russia a proposal had been made at Constantinople to erect a building for Midhat's Parliament, which had not yet vanished into space. "I should have said," remarked a speaker — Kinglake thought from Asia Minor—"that under present circumstances the proper meeting place for a Turkish Parliament would be a tent!"

30. Finished, this morning, Morley's *Diderot*. Nothing interested me more in the book than the sketch in vol. ii. page 137, of the Princess Galitzin, always to me a peculiarly attractive figure, and in vol. i. the following passage:—

"If this guiding idea of the unity of the intellectual history of man, and the organic integrity of thought, had happily come into Diderot's mind, we should have had an Encyclopædia indeed; a survey and representation of all the questions and answers of the world, such as would in itself have suggested what questions are best worth putting, and at the same time have furnished its own answers. For this the moment was not yet. An urgent social task lay before France and before Europe; it could not be postponed until the thinkers had worked out a

scheme of philosophic completeness. The thinkers did not seriously make any effort after this completeness. The Encyclopædia was the most serious attempt, and it did not wholly fail. As I replace in my shelves this mountain of volumes, 'dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,' I have a presentiment that their pages will seldom again be disturbed by me or by others. They served a great purpose a hundred years ago. They are now a monumental ruin, clothed with all the profuse associations of history.

"It is no Ozymandias of Egypt, King of Kings, whose wrecked shape of stone and sterile memories we contemplate. We think rather of the grey and crumbling walls of an ancient stronghold, reared by the endeavour of stout hands and faithful, whence in its own day and generation a band once went forth against barbarous hordes to strike a blow for humanity."

Miss Arnold sent recently from Fox How to Mrs. Arnold at Cobham a letter of mine in which I had mentioned Mrs. Craven's admiration for some lines from *Obermann Once More*, and had added an expression of regret that their author had not written on Alexandrine de la Ferronays as he had done on Eugénie de Guerin. In a letter received to-day from Mrs. Arnold, she tells me that she had always urged her husband to do so, and promised to show me an entry in his diary which proved that he had intended to write about the *Récit d'une Sœur* in the course of this very year.

A gentleman told my wife one of these days a good story against himself. He was present at the interment of some of the victims of the Commune, and said to

a bystander: "Est ce que ces gens-là étaient des traîteurs?"[1]

December

3. We returned to York House from Seacox Heath, where there was a pleasant party, including M. Waddington the French ambassador, Sir Charles Bowen, the Lubbocks, and Mrs. Green, of whose *Henry II.* I hear much praise.

Something having been said after dinner on the 1st about the Roman Empire in general and Tiberius in particular, M. Waddington told us that his impression was that while great cruelties were committed by that Prince amongst the Senatorial class and at the centre of affairs, the Provinces were severely but well governed by him, and enjoyed a very large amount of prosperity. M. Waddington added that he thought the summing up of Tiberius's character in the last chapter of the sixth book of the *Annals of Tacitus* was pretty near the truth.

Bowen mentioned at breakfast yesterday that a barrister of his acquaintance met in Switzerland an American of the ultra-patriotic kind, who assured him that the King of Italy had sent across the Atlantic to engage the

[1] The same mistake is said to have been made by Sir Archibald Alison, the historian.

services of a leading doctor in the United States. "To cure the eruption of Vesuvius, I suppose," observed the Englishman.

The American was so much pleased that he said: "If you will stay a day or two in this hotel, I will pay for you."

I did not know that Dr. Stubbs, the new Bishop of Chester, was as witty as he is learned, but Bowen declares that when some foolish person said to him, "It comes, then, to this, the only distinction that I can see between a man and an ape is that the man can speak and the ape can't," he was ready with the rejoinder, "Don't you think, perhaps, that there is also this distinction, that the man knows when to hold his tongue and the ape doesn't?"

At the hour of afternoon tea yesterday we had a brisk exchange of good stories. I note one or two which were new to me.

It is to Goschen that I owe a saying of Disraeli's in the House of Commons about Roebuck, which I do not think I have heard. The latter had complained that Disraeli had left his camp, whereupon the ex-Radical observed, "I did not know that the honourable gentleman had a camp; I thought that he was the solitary sentinel of a deserted fortress."

I wonder if I have anywhere noted Lord Beaconsfield's

reply to Aberdare, when the latter, meeting him as he came out of the Upper House soon after he became an Earl, asked him how he liked the place. "Oh!" he said, "I feel that I am dead, but in the Elysian fields."

Goschen mentioned that, at a dinner at the Trinity House, years before the publication of *Endymion*, Disraeli had told him that Bismarck, when in England, had said that he was going back to Berlin to give his countrymen not a constitution but a country. The turn of the phrase was so Disraelian that Goschen long afterwards asked Bismarck whether he had really used it. He admitted that he had.

The conversation strayed to the absence of anything like fun from the speeches of the present Irish Members or their predecessors for some time back. Lubbock thought there was a slight exception in the case of an orator who, contrasting unfavourably Irish with Scotch whisky, said that the latter was so fiery that it went down your throat "like a torchlight procession."

Waddington told us that many more appointments are made after consulting the Cabinet in France than here. All Bishops, for example, are thus appointed; all Ambassadors, though not Ministers Plenipotentiary, and all Divisional Commanders.

Waddington mentioned also a fact which did not surprise me, but which would, I think, startle many people,

viz. that Guizot, when Minister, used carefully to read the debates in the Cortes, thinking them the best in Europe. He said, too, that the name of East Roumelia had turned up for the first time in a conversation between Lord Beaconsfield and himself. He had been urging that the portion of the Balkan regions left to Turkey should not be called Southern Bulgaria, and it was to turn that difficulty that the English Minister suggested the not very happy phrase, East Roumelia.

We had a very cheerful drive to the station this morning. In the course of it Mrs. Green mentioned ———'s astounding superstition about the mandrake root, alluded to on a previous page, and said that the nearest corresponding English superstition was that which attributes great power in the curing of rheumatism to the carrying in the pocket of a potato—but a potato fairly come by does no good; it must be a *stolen potato.*

Dined with the Literary Society, Coleridge in the chair. Lecky, George Denman, Sir Theodore Martin, Professor Flower, and Augustine Birrell were among those present.

Lord Cranbrook, who was on my right, quoted the saying of some one, that if you want to know French law you should read Gaboriau's novels, of which he spoke highly.

I remarked that his acquaintance with them disproved the absurd story to which a London newspaper recently

gave currency, that he never read a novel, a story which he thought it necessary to contradict publicly. He believes that the origin of the strange assertion must have been the fact that the place where he lived had once belonged to a man who had a fanatical dislike to novels, and would not allow one to be brought into his house.

On my left was Canon Liddon, with whom I had more conversation than ever before. Amongst other things we spoke of Döllinger, whom he has lately seen, and who, although I think in his ninetieth year, can still walk well. We talked a good deal of Liddon's eastern tour. He had been more fortunate than I in picking up curious coins. I asked him which side he took in the Capernaum Controversy. He said he thought Tell Hûm was the place, and observed, very justly I think, that the *raison d'être* of a village at Nazareth was the fine spring of water there.

Coleridge told us that when Constance Kent was to be tried for murder, he was engaged for the defence. The circumstances of the case made it probable that the question would have to be raised—how far the confidences made to an Anglican priest in the Confessional were privileged. The turn things took made it unnecessary to decide this question; but Willes, who was the judge who presided at the trial, afterwards told Coleridge that he had considered the matter, and was prepared to

rule that a priest could not be compelled to disclose the facts which had been communicated to him, on the ground that absolution was a judicial proceeding, and that a judicial authority could not be questioned as to the grounds of his decision.

5. I went over yesterday to Windsor by an afternoon train, and had a long conversation with the Empress Frederick about all the sad things which have occurred since July 1887. Later, I dined with the Queen, and returned to York House to-day, after attending the morning service at St. George's, where I had not been for many years.

7. Dr. Klein came down to York House last night to dine and sleep. He is much interested in shells, and this morning looked through most of our possessions in that kind, which are more considerable than I was aware of. I unpacked for the first time since I left India the small Madras collection, which is carefully named, and glanced also through those, chiefly, I believe, from Ceylon, which were sent to my wife by Sir Frederick Richards; a large cabinet which had belonged to my mother-in-law, and some smaller hoards.

8. Drove to Cobham to see Mrs. Arnold and her daughter. I walked round the garden with the former, seeing the Golden Holly mentioned in one of her husband's letters to me,[1] and a great many shrubs planted by him-

[1] See these Notes for 15th January 1886.

self, as well as the graves of Geist and Kaiser. The former has a little headstone at the end of its bank of turf, on which the years 1876 and 1880 are still clearly legible, but the months and days are already blurred, though the memory of the poor dog will live, with that of Lesbia's sparrow, through many generations of men. Inside the house I saw the room in which Mat Arnold used to work.

Donna, the successor of "great Atossa," is like her more famous predecessor in personal appearance, but inferior in strength of character as much as she is superior in amiability of temper. She lives on "almost touchingly good terms" with Max, the last of the famous trio of Dachshunds.

I saw also the note-books mentioned by Mrs. Arnold in a recent letter to me.

They are small diaries, long and narrow. Sunday comes at the top of each page, and in the spaces devoted to that day, as at the beginning and end of the volumes, Mat Arnold was in the habit of copying short passages which struck him in the authors he happened to be reading.

In the blank space belonging to Sunday, April 15th, he had entered the words from Ecclesiasticus: "Weep bitterly over the dead as he is worthy, and then comfort thyself, drive heaviness away, thou shall not do him good, but hurt thyself." On the opposite page stood, of course, Sunday, April 22nd. Under it he had entered: "When

the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him when his spirit is departed from him."—Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. It was on the first of these days that he died. I have seldom met with so strange a coincidence.

Many of the short passages quoted from English, French, German, Latin, Greek and Italian, seem to me of the greatest interest. One which recurred more than once was "Ecce labora et noli contristari"—words very characteristic of M. Arnold's way of thinking and acting. In these same volumes, at the beginning of each year, he noted what he meant to read in the course of it, and as he finished each work he drew a line through it, carrying on to the next year the books which he had not managed to read. In spite of his constant official work, he got through a most surprising amount of study. The Bible, with the classics, had a very large share of his time. The last book he read—in bed the night before he died—was the sixth volume of George Sand's letters. If I remember right, he had got up to page 272, beyond which the book was not cut.

He pursued a similar plan with the things he meant to write. At the beginning of 1888 he made six entries. The first three were stroked through as having, I suppose, been accomplished; the last three entries were Shelley's poetry, Vauvenargues, *Récit d'une Sœur*.

Mrs. Arnold showed me the copy of Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata*, which had been given to her husband by his godfather, Mr. Keble, and his daughter showed me the less known *Maxims* of Bishop Wilson, which had been given in 1819 by Dr. Arnold to Miss Penrose, whom he afterwards married.

Both these books had, I understood, been transferred to Mrs. Arnold and Miss Arnold respectively the night before the last fatal journey to Liverpool.

Mrs. Craven writes of Ferdinand II. of Naples :—

"My opinion is, that he was a very clever man, with a clear perception of the Revolution that was at hand, though not the genius that would have been needed to avert it. I think his feeling was exactly that expressed by Montlosier: 'Les temps ne sont pas difficiles, ils sont impossibles.' And, as far as he was concerned, I think he was quite right."

12. I went to-day to the Natural History Museum with Mr. Thurston (see the Indian portion of these Notes) to inspect a large number of corals which he has brought from Paumben and elsewhere. They are very fine specimens, but up to this time he has not found anything new to science.

From the Museum I went on to Westminster Abbey to keep an appointment with the Dean, Lyall, and Lord Cross, about Maine's Monument. Mr. Boehm, who was there, declared most decidedly against the site mentioned on an earlier page, and after a good deal of discussion it

was settled that the medallion should be placed on the same huge screen to which is affixed the monument of Warren Hastings, straight above the bust of Cobden, who, by some strange accident, has been put in close proximity to various persons who made their fame in that India of which he, who knew so much, knew so curiously little.

14. I have had the greater part of *Principal Shairp and his Friends* read aloud without finding very much that was *quite* new to me, thanks to what I have heard from Coleridge, Boyle, Stanley, and others; but I have received much pleasure from many glimpses into the lives of old friends or acquaintances.

At page 302 there are some striking lines on Norman Macleod, who produced so strong an impression upon many who came across him. I never saw him but once, and then only for a moment, when I was introduced to him in, I think, Union Street, Aberdeen.

At page 338 there are two remarkable lines quoted from an unsuccessful poem written for the Newdigate prize :—

> "Is life worth living? Yes, if truth be true,
> Life is worth living ; death worth dying too."

The following four verses about Clough seem to me fine, and very near the truth :—

> "Lochaber, Moidart, Morar, stern delight
> From these he drank, his soul new power received

Stood wrapt, where the Atlantic's swinging might
O'er Ardnamurchan heaved.
Ah! had he walked aloof in that cool air
Braced all his boyhood time, till heart and brain
Were fully tempered, and annealed to bear
Life at its tensest strain.
Too soon, too soon, the place of early trust
Constrained to leave, down thought's strong current whirled,
And face to face alone too rudely thrust
With problem of the world.
And voices then, the loudest England knew,
In his distracted ear were thundering, some
'Push boldly forward,' some—'lo, there the haven true,"
'Here rest or be undone.'"

The intellectual atmosphere of Arnoldine Rugby was too stimulating for him. I wonder if I have ever noted that Stanley said to me when we met at Balmacarra, in 1856: "I have never been so struck with a man, as I was with Clough as a boy."

16. Mrs. Craven writes:—

"I cannot say how touched I was by that note of Mrs M. Arnold's, and I have no words to say how grateful I am to you for letting me read that and the letter you had sent before. There are people with whom I feel in such deep sympathy, in spite of the greatest separation that can divide minds and souls *appearing* to lie between us! Your dear friend was one of those—probably the writer of this letter also if I knew more of her.

"There is an invisible bridge somewhere which helps one to cross large distances, and is not always there when you have smaller ones to span."

20. Returned to York House, which I left on the morning of the 17th for Wells, where I spent a couple of hours in and near the Cathedral, which, when taken in connection with the group of buildings around it, undoubtedly deserves a very high place amongst English ecclesiastical edifices. The best view which I saw of the Cathedral itself was from Brown's gate, at the far end of the Green, and sufficiently distant to prevent the slender slate-pencil-like pillars of the West front being too prominent. That front is, I see, wider than those of either Amiens or Nôtre Dame, which belong to about the same age.

The view of the interior, looking towards the Altar from the extremity of the Nave is not agreeable, thanks to the works by which it was thought necessary to support the great central tower. It is not till these are left behind, and we enter the Choir, that the interior becomes pleasing, but the Lady Chapel, which belongs to a later period than most of the rest of the building, and is not Early English, but Decorated, is very attractive. A modern window at its East end contains some stained glass of a peculiar and exceedingly beautiful blue.

I went, as in duty bound, to see the tomb of the worthy though eccentric old Master of Balliol, Richard Jenkyns, who was Dean of Wells. He died in 1854.

The long staircase which leads up from the Cathedral,

leaving the Chapter House upon its right, is a striking feature, and looks not wholly unlike some portion of the roads we traversed in Palestine, notably one bit between the Jordan Valley and Nablûs.

From Wells I passed *via* Glastonbury, to stay with Mrs. Bagehot, near Langport.

Mrs. Greg repeated to me a happy saying of Walter Bagehot's about Female Suffrage: "Why give woman two votes? She has one already;" and another of her husband's, to the effect that our acquaintance was divided between Springs and Wells; which is profoundly true, if we remember that the latter may be without water.

From Herds Hill I went to Salisbury, where I spent some twenty-four hours with the Dean. We talked of Mat Arnold, and my host called my attention to the passage in Dr. Arnold's journal, written the day before he died, in which he observed that he could "nearly say 'Vixi'!"

A letter from Sir Augustus Paget announces Arthur's arrival at his Embassy in Vienna, for which place he left York House on the 18th.

27. The sun rises at this season exactly opposite our bedroom windows, and my wife called my attention this morning to the extraordinary beauty of the grey lights on the river.

I finished looking again through the *Mémoires d'un*

Royaliste, by M. de Falloux, which I have lately had read to me. They are very interesting, and throw much light on many passages of contemporary history about which I was imperfectly informed. I have noted fifty things in them of much greater importance, but shall only mention two here.

The first shall be Malesherbes' reply to Treilhard, at page 180 of vol. i., in one of the Salles d'Attente of the Convention. The defender of the King continuing to use when speaking of him the words Sire and Majesty, Treilhard said :—

" Qui vous rend si osé de prononcer ici des titres proscrits ?"
" Mépris de vous et de la vie,"

was the answer.

The second occurs at page 64 of the same volume.

General Clouet, in hiding on account of his share in the abortive rising of 1832, disclosed his secret to a young labourer, who had told the General that he was unable to marry, on account of want of means, advising him to claim the reward offered for the arrest of a rebel :—

" Le jeune garçon s'appuyant sur sa bèche et le regardant fixement lui répondit :—Dame, Monsieur, on est plus long temps couché que debout, et je ne donnerais pas ma part de paradis pour la plus grosse fortune de ce monde."

The interest of this is that the young Breton, who had

certainly not read Sophocles, was translating as nearly as possible the famous words of Antigone.[1]

Oliphant's long illness ended, as it only could end, on the 23rd, and he was buried in the Twickenham Cemetery to-day.

I was prevented attending the funeral of my old friend and his connection, Sir Frederick Pollock, so often mentioned in these Notes, by its having been fixed for the same hour at Kensal Green.

Thus passed away a very agreeable and very interesting man, who might, if his mind had been cast all in one piece, have produced a notable effect upon his generation. It was not so, however. You constantly stepped, so to speak, when with him, off perfectly solid ground into mere chaos. One moment he would be speaking like a statesman, and the next like a half-educated enthusiast, giving his time and his thoughts to a succession of crazes. *In pace requiescat!* No one who saw much of him could avoid feeling his charm, however frequently he might smile at his strange fancies.

NOTE.—Many of the most attractive features in Oliphant's character came, so to speak, out of the haze of his philosophical or religious dreams as the end approached. My wife, who had for many years been in the habit of talking with him upon the mysterious subjects to which he gave so much attention, and who spent by his bedside a great deal of time during the whole

[1] Antigone, lines 74, 75.

of his last illness, wrote, a few months later, an article about him in the *Contemporary Review*, the last few sentences of which I may cite. After quoting from a character of our friend by Sir Thomas Wade, very eulogistic in tone, she goes on to say :—

"To the above testimony, which will be widely corroborated, I may add that one of his most remarkable qualities was his power of moral stimulus. It was impossible to associate with him without feeling every higher inspiration quickened, without longing to infuse his intense spiritual vitality into the lines of one's own life. His religious feelings were of that exalted kind which rise above all human forms, and in which the truly religious of all ages and sects have seen their external differences melt away. They sustained him through the last weeks of his trying illness, and made his death-bed to those who stood by, a beautiful experience rather than a great sorrow.

"'Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head,
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

"'For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found—
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
A deathless face.'"

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APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Inaugural Address read at the opening of the Session of the Philosophical Institution, in Edinburgh, for 1888-9, on 5th November 1888.

ONE evening during the last London season I found myself seated at dinner next to a well-known Anglo-Asiatic statesman, and our talk turned upon the speeches which Mr. Bright used to deliver more than thirty years ago against the Great Company.

"He made," said my friend, "many mistakes, but he had got hold of the two cardinal facts of our position in the East. First, that there is no such country as India; and secondly, that the Indians as a people do not exist."

It is to a very small portion of the country, to which the often misleading, but unavoidable, expression "India" is usually applied, that I desire to direct your attention to-night. It is to the region officially known as Fort St. George and its dependencies; in other words, to the Presidency of Madras, of the government of which I took charge exactly seven years ago this day, and in charge of which I remained for something more than five years.

I suppose I am perfectly safe in assuming that every one in this assembly, including as it does the *élite* of this highly

educated capital, has a general notion where Madras is; though I hasten to observe that this is a piece of knowledge not universally possessed, even by very highly placed and distinguished personages; for it is not so very long ago that a man, deservedly high in the estimation of his Sovereign, not I am afraid on account of his knowledge of geography, and representing that Sovereign in a very great country, asked me whether Madras was "near the Cape of Good Hope;" and whether the two places were "connected by railway."

You, Ladies and Gentlemen, know better. You see in your mind's eye the Madras Presidency stretching for many and many hundred miles along the eastern coast of the peninsula which runs south towards Ceylon, not in actual possession of its very southern extremity, Cape Comorin, which belongs to the small native state of Travancore, but crossing the peninsula further north from sea to sea, and running for a very long way, though not nearly so far as on its eastern side, towards the north.

Its shape is extremely irregular, and if I were to give you any idea of it I should burden your memories with a great many difficult names which would bring you small profit.

I may, however, bring home to you its size by telling you that it is larger than the United Kingdom by about two-thirds of Scotland; and that its population is smaller than that of the United Kingdom by nearly the population of Scotland.

From these facts you will carry away the impression that it is a very large country, as well as a very thickly populated one; and that impression will be just. Pray note that whenever I give you figures bearing on questions of population, I give you those of the last census, seven years ago.

Well then, by what kind of people is this province inhabited? Are they black?

By no means.

Are they on the other hand like the people about whom you read so much in authors like my friend Professor Max Müller—the people who composed the Vedas, the people of your own race, people speaking tongues remotely akin to Greek, to Latin, to German, to your own?

My answer is, "very few indeed of them." The immense majority of the people who live in the Madras Presidency are not Aryans at all, but Dravidians, a race which inhabited these countries before our ancestors and the ancestors of the men who expressed their thoughts in the great language which they called Sanskrit, or the Perfected, separated, the one to go to the East, the other to go to the West.

People often ask me if all the inhabitants of the Madras Presidency speak Hindustani? My reply is, that Hindustani in Madras is only the language of a few hundred thousand people, of the immigrant as distinguished from the indigenous Mahommedans. The two great languages of the Madras Presidency, each spoken by about 12,000,000 people, are Telugu and Tamil, both Dravidian tongues—the one spoken in the North, the other in the South of the Presidency; but there are a great many other languages spoken in different parts of the country, some of them by very large numbers of persons.

Under 36,000 people out of 31,000,000 claim English as their mother-tongue; but so long a time has passed since we first became connected with Southern India, and so firmly has our influence got established there, that there alone has English become the *lingua franca*.

In Northern India where the *lingua franca* is Hindustani, the fact of a servant speaking English is against him. In Southern India his not speaking English would be a fatal objection to his getting the best employment.

The next question which you will probably wish me to answer about these people is—What is their religion? To that I reply, that the immense majority are Hindus, of one kind or another. I suppose that twenty-eight and a half millions are Hindus, but Hinduism is the most accommodating of religions. You may think of it, if you please, as of a vast Cathedral with hundreds and hundreds of chapels, each one dedicated to some particular Saint or Manifestation of the All-underlying Divinity.

Next to the Hindus, but at an enormous distance in point of numbers, come the Mahommedans, of whom there are nearly 2,000,000; and then come the Christians, far more numerous in Southern India than in the North Among the Christians 68 per cent. are Catholics, and 32 per cent. Protestants. Among the Protestants the Anglicans are the most numerous, and in one district (Tinnivelly) they have a large number of native converts.

Both Christianity and Mahommedanism have been gaining of late years, chiefly amongst the ower castes, for the very good reason that those who join either of these two great religions escape from a very disagreeable social position, and rise to a more respectable place in the world.

Now in what sort of a country do these people live?

In the first place, I need hardly remind you that it is always, or almost always, extremely hot, except of course in the high mountain ranges. In Northern India there is a cold season, which some people like. In the Southern part of the Peninsula there is nothing of the sort. At Trichinopoly they say, and with much truth, that the hot weather ends on the 31st December and begins on the 1st January.

In the next place, there is an enormous seaboard. Madras is the maritime province *par excellence.*

In the third place, the West Coast is usually damp; the

East Coast usually dry. The latter gets most of its rain in October, November and December; the former gets most of its rain in June, July and August; while there is an unlucky region in the North centre which lies somewhat beyond the influence of either summer or winter rainfall, unless when they are very heavy, and forms what is known as the "famine zone," that is the zone in which famine is a chronic subject of anxiety.

Thank God, I had not to deal with one of these dreadful visitations, but there was one a decade ago, and we were obliged to take every precaution to be ready in case such another calamity burst upon the land.

The famine code of the Madras Presidency, which lays down what everybody has to do in case of famine invasion, drawn up in great part by Mr. Webster, long Chief Secretary to the Madras Government, has formed the model for other codes of the same kind, which are ready to be applied in other parts of India, should ever the grim necessity again arise. And arise it probably will, for in spite of most laborious investigations, the causes of those tremendous meteorological convulsions which dislocate the seasons in this part of the tropics are still most imperfectly understood; while it is to be feared that even when we thoroughly understand them, we shall not have the slightest influence over their course. We have done, and are doing, an immense deal to enable us to fight the battle with the agencies that bring about famine, but when Man has to fight with Nature, the struggle will always be a fierce one.

The very goodness of our Government has a tendency to increase the danger of famine. We have given peace to the land, and we have to some extent diminished the ravages of disease. The result of that is, in a country where every one

marries in boyhood and girlhood, that the pressure of population on the means of subsistence is always terrific. You may increase, and you are vastly increasing year by year the prosperity of the immense majority of the people. That wise government can do, but it cannot do as much for the residuum, which but for unwise social and religious beliefs would never come into existence. It beats the wit of man to do that, and I am afraid that as long as you have an Eastern Empire, an orator who desires to blame the powers that be will be always able to say with perfect truth that a good many of the people over whom they rule are underfed.

If you wish to have a fair idea of the condition of the average Indian peasant—I am not speaking of the residuum—put the following questions to any dozen fair-minded Englishmen or Scotchmen whom you know:—

With what parts of Great Britain are you acquainted?

With what parts of our Indian Empire are you acquainted?

Where do you think the greatest number of the people of the peasant class lead the pleasantest lives—in the British districts you know, or in the Indian districts you know?

The answer will generally be "In the Indian districts."

You will never again have as great a loss as you had in Southern India a decade ago. That, though the exertions it has required, and will require, are gigantic, is within your strength, or rather is coming within your strength. We are working towards it; but anything like a full solution of the problem of the imperfectly fed residuum is beyond you, until you can call to your assistance great spaces of time, and the slow changes which they may bring even to the marriage customs of intensely Conservative races.

Something may no doubt be done to relieve the pressure on the means of subsistence by migration and emigration. Every

facility is given for these by the Madras, as well as by the other Indian Administrations; but although we have in certain districts, as for instance in the splendid deltaic regions of Tanjore, quite an astounding number of people to the square mile, the results produced are as yet not very great. Our people dislike moving, and even those who go away in time of famine soon return. Excluding mere visitors from neighbouring districts, perhaps about ninety-nine per cent. of the population lives and dies where it is born. I hope that the spread of enlightenment may diminish this home-keeping tendency. The hill-tracts of Vizagapatam and other northern Madras districts will, when we understand better how to fight against fever, be an excellent field for migration: while emigration to those British Settlements where the watchful care of the Colonial Office makes the lot of the labourer a happy one, seems a thing much to be encouraged.

I found the Presidency divided into twenty-one districts, and left it divided into twenty-two. I would have divided it into a great many more, perhaps twice the number, had money been forthcoming, for our Madras districts are exceptionally large. You all know the geography of Palestine. It may give you then a good notion of the size of an average Madras district if I tell you that it is just a little smaller than the whole of Palestine west of the Jordan from Dan to Beersheba. Very few of these districts are uniform in character; they almost all contain great contrasts of scenery, climate and vegetation.

The lot of the Madras civilian seems to me much happier than that of his brother which is cast in some of the large and dreary plains further north. He is very seldom out of the sight of mountains, and there are few districts which do not contain some elevated spot where a little coolness may be

snatched in the most trying season of the year without any relaxation of supervision over the district affairs.

In addition to the twenty-two districts directly under the Madras Government, there are certain territories directly ruled by Native Princes, over which its influence extends. Of these the most important are Travancore and Cochin.

Travancore is a sort of Paradise in the extreme south-west of the Peninsula, ruled by a Prince whose family is of immense antiquity, and who is one of the twelve who rank highest in the Golden Book of our Eastern Empire. I never saw the present Maharajah, who succeeded shortly before I came away; but I knew well his predecessor, a gifted and highly-educated man, as you will see from the extract which I am going to read to you from his private diary. I know I am doing what would have given him pleasure, because some time before he died he asked me to take the manuscript home and to have such portions of it published as I thought might interest my countrymen. I should have had no objection to do this, but the matter fell through after his lamented death. He wrote:—

"While amidst the awful sublimity of these great mountain ranges, increased tenfold by the great storm and mist, came the following telegram:—'French Emperor and whole army surrendered prisoners. King Prussia appoints residence.' Can there be a fitter place and time than those in which I was to receive intelligence of the fate of a Napoleon? The same hand which reared up these majestic mountains and commands these fearful storms, disposes of the destinies of Napoleons and Cæsars. Louis Napoleon's travestying of his uncle's career has been but too close. His *coup d'état* has been at last deservedly rewarded."

Travancore is a very interesting as well as a very lovely country, full of strange and instructive usages. Here is one

which goes back to the most hoar antiquity, and which prevails to this day, in a vast number of families:—When the head of a house dies, leaving a son, that son does not succeed to his father; for example, the present ruler of the State is not the lawfully-born son of the Maharajah of whom I have been speaking, but the son of one of his adopted sisters. That seems to us very odd indeed, but it is perfectly in accordance with law and usage.

They tell a story, true or false, that some considerable time ago, long before I was in India, a great personage in Travancore, who was very fond of French jujubes and bonbons, saw in a newspaper that a large consignment of jupons had arrived in Madras. He immediately ordered the whole consignment, with the result that he became possessed of a large number of steel crinolines! I mentioned this fact to a correspondent in this country, who wrote back to say: "Of course, what he did, was to add largely to the number of his ladies." "Oh, dear no!" I replied; "in that happy land it is the lady who is the great personage. When she is tired of her husband she returns to him in the most amiable manner the cloth, otherwise dress, which he presented to her when they formed the nuptial tie, and everything returns to the state which existed before that event."

The only other native State whose affairs are under the general superintendence of the Madras Government which I need mention is Cochin, a delightful, well-ordered little country, through which it is a real pleasure to travel.

There is a great deal to be said about it, but the necessities of time oblige me to content myself with two facts: It contains a good many Jews, who have been there for ages upon ages. How long no mortal can accurately say, but they have a deed of immense antiquity, which may be—say, 1200 years old.

Cochin, as well as Travancore and some of our own immediate territory hard by, contains also a population in which I took the deepest interest. These are the so-called Christians of St. Thomas. They think they have been there ever since the days of the Apostle. It is hopelessly impossible to prove this to be true, but it seems to me equally impossible absolutely to disprove it. They are divided into a variety of different sects, hating each other, I fear, rather heartily. But I must not dwell longer upon a subject which might well deserve an hour to itself.

Having cast just a glance at these outlying countries, we will now, if you please, turn back to the Madras districts proper, which, as you will remember, I said were each on an average nearly as big as Western Palestine.

If I were writing a treatise upon Madras, it would be my duty at this point to explain how the Presidency of Fort St. George and its Dependencies are governed, to set forth the functions of the Governor, the Executive Council, the Legislative Council, the character and distribution of the Army, the organisation of the Courts of Justice, the Constitution of the various Secretariats, the distinction between Imperial and Provincial finance, to enumerate the various classes of Public Works, to discuss the Salt Tax and the Excise and the Land Revenue —to set forth in fact the whole framework of government. It is obvious, however, that no human being could do this in an hour; and even if he could, such knowledge is best communicated not through the ear but through the eye.

In addition to this, information about these matters is easily accessible: they change little, and as I must make a choice of subjects, I think I had better confine myself to matters about which I can give information not easy to be found, or not to be found at all, in books.

The main argument in favour of restricting to a few years the tenure of office by Indian Governors is that in this way a fresh mind is brought very frequently to consider the affairs of our great Dependency. No man of average common-sense who finds himself at the head of so vast and complicated a machine as is an Indian Government, will rashly make large changes in it, but from the first he will probably endeavour to become as well acquainted as he can with the wants of the country, and be unresting in his endeavours here, there, and everywhere, to improve things just a little. It is almost safe to say that if, without manifest necessity, he connects his name with large schemes of policy or startling innovations, he is a bad Governor. Such at least was and is my way of looking at the matter; and accordingly after I had become acquainted with the ordinary routine of administration, and got to know those officials with whom I was brought into immediate contact at the capital, I determined to begin a series of tours with a view to see and hear for myself what the best and most intelligent portion of the native community was asking from its rulers, and what manner of men we had looking after native interests up and down the land.

Before leaving England I had promised myself to make the survey of the Presidency within the first half of the five years which would elapse between my reaching and leaving Madras. I succeeded in effecting my object in just under two years. During the course of eight tours of inspection I travelled 174 days and went over some 9,000 miles. During these tours I had of course endless conversations with the officials who are at the head of each district—are in fact the local British Providence; as well as with numberless other persons from Native Princes downwards.

I received also eighty-eight addresses, some of them

extremely well-written, in which the authorised exponents of this or that section of native opinion put before me what they most desired me to know about their wants and wishes.

At the end of each of the eight tours I summed up my impressions in a confidential minute addressed to the two Civil members and the Military member who formed the Council of the Governor, adding to the same all the addresses I had received, and all the answers I had made to these addresses. Of course, in many cases I was obliged to tell those who came to see me that I could give no immediate answer to the sometimes very large and even startling proposals which they made for the inauguration of great Public Works and the like; but every one of the confidential minutes I have alluded to was referred to the various departments of Government to consider and report to me thereon. Not one single request made by the people, not one suggestion that seemed to me in any way plausible, was thus lost sight of, but was considered by men of the most ripe experience and widest knowledge of the particular subject to which it referred. Their views were all duly recorded in official documents, but it is not enough for any one at the head of an Indian, or any other, Government to see that attention is given to reasonable suggestions and requests coming from persons who have a right to speak. He must revise and re-revise with a view to see that all reasonable requests are granted, and all good suggestions carried into effect.

Some months, accordingly, after the last of my eight tours was finished, and when the suggestions made in the course of it had been reported on by the proper authorities, I proceeded to review in a very long paper the whole of the eight tours, and to explain how matters stood with reference to every one of the requests and suggestions which had been made to me. This paper I had published in a volume at the

end of my third year, and had it widely circulated in order that the people might know what could and what could not be done with reference to all the wishes which they had expressed. The documents drawn up at the end of each of the eight tours being intended merely to initiate official action and recording only first impressions, could not with propriety be made public. The purpose of the document which I drew up at the end of my third year was entirely different. It was intended, as I said therein: "First, to show all who have addressed me that each of the wishes of those whom they represented has formed the subject of the most anxious individual attention on my part; secondly, to show to them that the Government over which I have the honour to preside has done all that it could to bring the wishes of the people laid before them through me, to rapid and full fruition; thirdly, to bring the circumstances of the Madras Presidency more distinctly than they ever have been brought hitherto before the eyes of the Government of India, and of the supreme authorities at home; fourthly, for the information of any one within or without its limits, who, for whatever reason, chances to feel an interest in the affairs of this corner of the British Empire."

I found that what the respectable portion of the community was really caring about was chiefly the improvement of their material condition. With the machinery of government they were well enough satisfied; but they wished, and most wisely wished, that everything that could be done should be done to make that machinery turn out the greatest amount of good to them.

In taking leave of the people of South Canara at the end of my eighth tour of inspection, I said: "I defy contradiction when I say that these addresses are as a whole most creditable

to the good sense of the people ; and as long as I remain here it will be my constant endeavour to go back over the ground which has been traversed in them, satisfying, so far as I can, the reasonable claims, and they are many, that have been made." And in addressing my honourable colleagues in Council soon afterwards, I said : "Any one can see at a glance that what is uppermost in the minds of the people is the desire for increased material prosperity."

It was to give them this increased material prosperity that I mainly directed my efforts, well knowing that it was but little that one man could do in a few rapidly passing years, even although he was assisted, as I was, by most able and excellent officials ; but yet in the belief that I should be able to sow some seeds which might in process of time grow into healthy trees, good for food, wood, and shelter.

When the views of the late Viceroy upon that subject became known, there were many requests for more local self-government, and that we gave them in ample measure.

There were requests, too, for a sharper delimitation than exists in the district administration between Executive and Judicial functions. That desire I shared, and I apprehend that the only valid objection that can be urged to it is the difficulty of raising the requisite taxation.

The first thing to be remembered about our Eastern Administration is that we have undertaken the task of carrying on an European, highly scientific system of government with what would have seemed starvation allowance to our Mahommedan predecessors, who did not do in return for the much larger revenue which they raised one-hundredth part of what we do. Think what it is to defend life and property and to fulfil all the more essential duties of government in a country as big as Belgium, or, as in the case of the district of

Vizagapatam, half as big again as Belgium, where your two principal officers, respectively at the head of the Administration and Justice of the District, receive, what is *at the present rate of exchange*, less than £2,000 a year!

This in passing. Let us turn to the things which chiefly interested those who addressed me.

First, we will take railways. With regard to these I felt most warmly with those who pressed for them, and we were able to do a great deal towards meeting their wishes.

I will mention only two lines in which I took very special interest. The object of the first of these was to tap the huge delta of the Kistna, and to pour its mighty supplies of food right through one of the worst portions of the zone, where, as I said to you a little while ago, the uncertainty of the rainfall always kept us uneasy about famine or scarcity.

The other, rather further south, was designed to carry the harvests from the delta of another great river—the Northern Pennér—into another portion of the famine zone. Both these lines will, when completed, if ever such another calamity falls upon South India as fell upon it in the days of my predecessor, the Duke of Buckingham, save hundreds of thousands of lives.

Another subject in which the people took an immense interest was the minor irrigation works. By minor irrigation works we usually mean in Madras, works which irrigate under 200 acres. You must know that if you ascend almost any height in South India, you look down upon numbers of small shallow artificial lakes, which are used to catch the rains and fertilise the peasant's field. Some of these are of great antiquity, some quite modern; but a considerable proportion of them had got out of working order from various causes, and all of them had been laid out in too haphazard a way, without being properly correlated to each other. We had, under the able

direction of Col. Hasted and others set to work by him, the whole of the Presidency divided into 103 river basins, and before I left the country the lakes of which I speak were being all carefully arranged and repaired, so as to confer the utmost possible amount of good upon the people. I need not say that we only made a beginning of this, for it will take at least twenty years of steady work to do all that is wanted.

These minor irrigation works, which are counted by tens of thousands, have little in common, except their utility, with the mighty undertakings which the genius of British engineers and the assistance of British capital has enabled successive Governments to create in Southern India, and which the people thoroughly appreciate. These are amongst the most stupendous works of the kind that have ever been executed by man, and to sustain and extend them must be always a matter of the deepest interest to the Administration of Madras. I say to sustain them, and you will not be surprised when I tell you that the Godavari, by no means one of our most troublesome rivers, came down one summer's day in 1886, twenty-nine feet deep, over the anicut or great weir which spans it at the head of our irrigation works, and four miles broad. To bridle so stupendous a natural force as that, and to make it do beneficent work for man, appears to me something to be really proud of.

Just before my government came to an end, I had the pleasure of inspecting, with our chief engineer, a virtually completed work which had been begun in February 1882 for the purpose of regulating the irrigation, under the Cauvery and Vennaar rivers. These regulators are the largest things of the kind in the world, and govern the irrigation of 900,000 acres. I must say I felt a thrill of pleasure to think that so stupendous an undertaking, working pure good, had been

commenced and ended during the brief period of my stay in India.

Another subject about which there was a good deal of interest in certain districts which I visited was mining. In minerals we are in Madras not very strong. Coal, alas! there is none in the Presidency; but we gave in my term much attention to a project for facilitating its transmission to the capital by railway and canal from the nearest source in the Nizam's dominions.

Of copper there is a good deal, and there is, in the Salem district, a huge mass of magnificent iron, most favourably situated with reference to railway communication, which will, when the Forest Legislation of six years ago has done its work be of great value.

It is rather with Ceylon than with Southern India that we are accustomed to think in connection with pearls, but the pearl oyster is also found off the Madras district of Tinnivelly, and when I went in September 1886 to inspect, with the help of divers, the pearl-bearing beds, I found the shells full of minute seed-pearls, which ought about this time to be giving a rich harvest. The pearl oyster, however, has many enemies, and I know not whether the good promises of two years ago have been crowned by performance.

During the government of my immediate predecessors very high hopes had been entertained both in India and England as to the results which were likely to follow gold mining in the beautiful district lying on the western side of the Presidency known as the Wynaad. These hopes had to a great extent resulted in disappointment before I landed in India, but I took an early opportunity of visiting the country where the operations of the gold miners had been chiefly carried on, and came to the conclusion that although there had

been much reckless speculation and much mismanagement, yet that the existence of gold in the Wynaad was not to be ignored in casting the horoscope of Southern India.

There is gold there, and a good deal of gold; but if in order to get a sovereign's worth of gold you expend the value of two or three sovereigns, it is not very good business. Some day when a cheaper method is applied to dealing with the very intractable quartz through which the gold is diffused, I daresay some shareholders will make its extraction pay; but they must set to work in a far less sanguine spirit than did their predecessors of ten years ago. We took care that any future miners should work under favourable conditions by making the rules applicable to their industry extremely liberal.

You know that Southern India was once the great source of diamonds. Every one has heard of Golconda. Diamonds were never to the best of my belief found at or very near that place, but Golconda was the mart where diamonds were sold. It is in the dominions of the Nizam, the great Mahommedan Prince who lately illustrated his coronet by so wisely and generously coming forward to aid in the defence of the Empire of which he is in point of position and power incomparably the greatest noble; although others both in West and East can claim more splendid and historic descent.

The diamond country is now comprehended within the Madras Presidency. From the Madras district of Kurnool probably came the famous Koh-i-noor, "the mountain of light"; and so did the still more beautiful diamond now known as the "Regent," whose extraordinary fate it was first to have made the fortune of the Pitt family, and secondly, to have been of material service to Napoleon, the great adversary of Pitt, who wore it at his coronation in the handle of his sword.

Observing that fine diamonds still came into the market from the same region from which these historic gems proceeded, we thought it would be wise so to alter the regulations which prevailed about diamonds, as to give every facility to persons who desired to search for them by the means which have proved so successful in South Africa. I believe some enterprising capitalists have quite recently taken advantage of the regulations as they now stand to make some serious attempts to mine for diamonds in the Madras territory. I do not know whether they have actually got to work; but I am sure that the regulations which we framed will be no obstacle.

The Madras Presidency has, as I have said, an enormous sea-board, scattered along which there are a very large number of little creeks, backwaters, and indentations of the coast, which look at first sight as if they could be turned into harbours. It is not surprising, accordingly, that the people were constantly asking for harbour works. We gave great attention to their most natural wishes, but alas! alas! Nature has been quite dreadfully cruel alike to the coast of Coromandel and to the opposite coast of Malabar. It turned out to be absolutely impossible to do anything of real importance, though of course some minor improvements could be carried into effect. Lord Hobart, who died suddenly in Madras in 1875, originated a gigantic project for an artificial harbour at that place. When I arrived I found this work in a very advanced condition, but a few days afterwards one of the cyclones, which are amongst the scourges of those regions, burst upon the coast and dashed the most exposed portions of the unfortunate harbour to pieces. The Government was not to be beat, and set to work to repair the errors of the able, but not in this case happy, engineer to whom the Secretary of State had confided the undertaking, and

during the five years which followed we had no repetition of the catastrophe. Whether, however, a great and serviceable harbour can ever be maintained at Madras, is one of the secrets of the future. We have very little experience yet of great harbour works in the tropics, but these are cases of nothing venture, nothing have.

From time to time I came upon indications that the native cultivator was beginning to understand that he could derive a good deal of assistance from the Science of Europe. It is a matter of the greatest possible moment that he should do so, for about seventy-five per cent. of the population of the Madras Presidency depends upon agriculture for its subsistence. This population increases, as we have seen, with great rapidity; and in the five-and-twenty years which preceded my arrival in India, a quite enormous quantity of land was taken in by the peasantry. Of course the best land is occupied first, and the amount of really good land to be taken in in Madras is not now very great, if we allow a proper proportion for the growth of timber, pasture, and other necessary purposes. If we cannot then widely extend our cultivation, we must make that cultivation better. Primitive husbandry does well enough when the people are few. England in the days of Queen Anne produced about the present Indian average, say eleven bushels to the acre. Now I am told that the average yield in England is about twenty-eight bushels, while very much more has been produced by the highest farming. If we could soon arrive at results remotely approaching to what has been arrived at here, we might dismiss the problem of the pressure of the population of India upon the means of subsistence with a safe conscience; but that is, of course, out of the question. An addition, however, of a comparatively slight kind to the productive power of each acre would do much, as was well

shown some years ago in some lectures addressed to you by Sir William Hunter.

He said, and I have no doubt quite correctly, that if one and a half per cent. were added yearly to the food production, the supply would more than keep pace with the increased demand, so far as the internal wants of India are concerned. The Madras Government, under the guidance of your neighbour, Lord Napier, and others, was one of the first to become alive to the pressure of the population upon the means of subsistence, and to try to improve agriculture. In 1882 we followed up their work by creating a Department of Agriculture, which was, if you remember, one of the things Sir William Hunter advocated in addressing you. About the same time, our attention having been called to the terrible loss of national wealth from cattle disease, we appointed a Veterinary Inspector, and inaugurated a scheme for the training of persons to travel all over the country, and give their services to sick cattle. In the next place, we did everything that we could to spread agricultural information, and to show the more active-minded of the peasantry what they could effect by following such of the European practices, and using such of the European machines, as were suited to their needs. Sometimes we were very well seconded by intelligent proprietors. I remember being particularly pleased with one in the district of Tanjore. My late colleague and friend, Sir Herbert Macpherson, a passionate agriculturist as well as an excellent commander, gave an impulse to experiments in silos, and if they could only be made successful in Southern India, a prodigious amount of animal suffering would be saved, and a great loss of property prevented. It is quite heart-breaking to see the condition to which the cattle are reduced before the commencement of the rains; and when the rains do

commence, the poor creatures often die from eating too much after their long-enforced starvation. I remember saying in a speech that I thought the three F's of the Madras peasant were : Fruit-trees, Fuel-trees, and Fodder-crops. I think so still.

Other agricultural subjects to which we gave attention were the improvement of sugar manufacture, the better curing of tobacco, the utilisation of the wild, or so-called Tussore, silk, the substitution of a more varied agriculture for the all-prevailing rice, and many other things too numerous to mention. In the West you can trust private enterprise to do these things : but in the East it is different. Nothing but the most ceaseless encouragement and kindly pressure from the rulers will induce the people to change the ways in which they have lived from time immemorial. There is a good story told which, if not literally true, as it may be for all I know to the contrary, is certainly true, considered as a parable : An English lady took a fancy to a boy who was employed in her establishment in a very mechanical capacity, that of punkah-puller—puller, that is, of one of the huge fans which moderate the heat in an Indian house. She wished to excite the boy's ambition by showing him that he might rise to a much higher place in her service. At last, with infinite difficulty, she made him understand what she was driving at, whereupon he said : "Madam, my father pulled a punkah, my grandfather pulled a punkah, my great-grandfather pulled a punkah, all my ancestors for four million ages pulled punkahs ; and before that, the god who founded our caste pulled a punkah over Vishnu."

Another agricultural subject which enlisted our sympathies, small at first sight, but of really colossal importance to the happiness of the people, was the extension of wells. Sir James Caird, an admirable agricultural authority, as you all know, maintained that next to judicious railway extension the safest

outlay of public money in India would probably be found in the increase of wells for irrigation—and there is much to be said for that view.

There are parts of the Presidency where the irrigation from the artificial lakes is quite sufficient. There are other parts in the West where the annual rainfall does all that is wanted; but there are regions where the artificial lakes dry up too readily. In these, wells are priceless, and we went, I think rightly, to the very outside edge of what was possible in encouraging the peasant, by State assistance, to make wells.

Amongst the many boons which England has conferred upon India, future ages will, I think, give a pretty high place to the introduction of the Cinchona. It was brought from South America by Mr. Clements Markham in our own times, amidst incredible difficulties, and has now spread largely in various parts of India. The Madras Government possesses very considerable plantations of this valuable tree, and we set ourselves to find out, a few years ago, whether we could not get prepared an extract of Cinchona sufficiently cheap to be within the means of the Madras peasant. Thanks to the intelligent co-operation of Mr. Lawson and Mr. Hooper, we saw the great problem solved, and I believe that quite recently these gentlemen have had further successes. The Cinchona Department was producing even two years ago a febrifuge so cheap that eight doses of it could be sold for three half-pence. You will see what an immense amount of human suffering that is calculated to alleviate when I remind you that Cinchona is all but a specific for the very form of fever which is most common in Southern India; and that the ravages of every other disease, not excepting cholera, sink into insignificance when compared to the tremendous mortality which is caused in that part of the world by fever.

We gave a good deal of attention to the acclimatisation of various other useful plants, constantly assisted by Sir Joseph Hooker and Mr. Dyer, who were respectively at the head of Kew at the beginning and end of my Madras life. I need not say that we did our best to return the services done to us by sending every scrap of information which we thought likely to be useful to that admirably managed establishment, which seems to me, and would I think seem to any one who had occasion to know much of it, one of the most characteristically Imperial institutions in the British Empire.

I was glad, amongst other things, to be able to assist the authorities there in introducing the Pepper into the West Indian Islands. Considering that the pepper trade from the Malabar coast goes back to the very earliest days of navigation, you will think it strange that that gift from the East to the West was not made long ago. The pepper is, however, an extremely delicate plant, and could not have been transferred without the material appliances of our own day.

I not unfrequently found among the native population an intelligent appreciation of the vast benefits which they were likely to derive from the better regulation of the Forests, to which we gave a very great amount of attention. Time was in Southern India when there was only too much timber, and he was the benefactor who cleared it away. That state of things had entirely changed long before I went thither. Vast breadths of lands had, as I have mentioned, been taken in by the people. An increasing population required ever more and more wood for fuel, and the railways did their part in denuding the districts through which they passed. The state of the Madras forests seven years ago excited much uneasiness at the India Office, and was commended very specially to my notice as soon as I had received my appointment. I hope and

think that it was left in a much better position by the end of 1886.

Our leading ideas were (to quote an official document which I drew up before leaving the Presidency) :—

"I. Madras has no coal. She must then look forward, even when the Singareni field is opened up, to using a prodigious amount of wood for fuel.

"II. Madras, the land of artificial irrigation, is exceptionally dependent upon a good distribution of her rainfall. Whether or not trees have the power of atttracting rain, I have myself no doubt they have an immense deal to do with its distribution, and there are wide regions of the Presidency now denuded, which cannot be left so without imminent danger of agricultural disaster.

"III. But in regulating the proper proportion of trees, care must be taken neither to sacrifice the present to the future, nor the future to the present. If we have too many trees we sacrifice the cultivator and grazier of the 19th century to those of the 20th. If we have too few, the cultivator and grazier of the 20th century will be, in many districts, simply non-existent.

"We believe that, under the system which we have adopted, the golden mean is likely to be attained ; but no system can be properly worked without good sense and a conciliatory spirit on the part of those who work it. The anxious desire of the Government in, and since, the great changes of 1882-83, has been to make it as easy as possible for Collectors and Forest Officers to unite their efforts for the general good of the country, discouraging any tendency to emphasise unduly the interests, either of to-day or to-morrow."

Sometimes we had representations from the European planters, and we did what we could to help them in their

difficulties, well knowing the importance of attracting capital from the West. Unfortunately, however, circumstances have of late been very adverse to the planter in South India. The truth is, that so many parts of the world can grow very fair tea and coffee that those whose lot has not fallen in regions where those articles can be produced exceptionally cheap, or superlatively good, have a bad time of it.

We have been so long in Southern India that it would be strange if we had not communicated to the natives our European idea that learning, if not better than house and lands, is at least a highly useful adjunct to them. Madras is the portion of India in which, thanks to, amongst other things, the labours of Catholic and Protestant Missionaries, education is most extended. The people, much to their credit, were always pressing upon me when I travelled the duty of giving more and more help to education, and we tried to meet them in every possible way. We did all we could to spread primary education. The attendance in the lowest kinds of schools increased very largely in the five years during which I was able to watch it. In addition to all the usual reasons for attending to primary education, there is one of quite peculiar moment in India. The cultivator is there the most imprudent of mankind; his first step in life is generally to get as much credit from the usurer of the hamlet as he can, and till recently he could hardly ever read, much less cipher, so that he was completely in the hands of the men who furnished him with money. The people, however, cared a great deal also about secondary, and above all, technical education. We sympathised with this to the greatest possible degree, for it is of quite supreme importance that more varied industries should be introduced into Southern India. We set on foot accordingly a great scheme of examinations in all such as were at all likely to

take root. In each subject we had prepared a syllabus, so that a youth could see at a glance what he was expected to know, and with each syllabus was given away an excellent little paper containing general remarks concerning the object and method of teaching science.

Do not suppose by my using the word science, that we only gave attention to what is usually known as such. We provided, *inter alia*, useful clues for people who wanted to study the making of carpets, of paper, the dressing of leather, and even cooking. Nor did we neglect the higher education in which the people, sooth to say, take only too much interest, for they all want to become Government employés or lawyers; and although the number of Native Government employés in the Madras Presidency is very large, yet there are clearly not a sufficient number of appointments to accommodate anything like the number of persons who want to get them; while the litigious instincts of the race, although fearful and wonderful, are not absolutely infinite or capable of supporting whole armies of lawyers.

What we did chiefly in connection with higher education was to throw our influence into the scientific as against the literary scale. We created a Professor of Biology, and we gave a special grant for a second. We provided, too, the leading Government colleges with teachers and appliances for giving instruction in experimental physics and chemistry. Previous to 1875 there was not one college in the Presidency where these two sciences were taught. When I came away they were taught in all but one. We tempted out the Professor of Botany from Oxford, a man of rare ability and merit, to be our Government Botanist; put the School of Art under a highly competent teacher from South Kensington; transplanted from London to take charge of our museum a man who under-

stands modern scientific methods, and is full of enthusiasm for his subject, who has just come home to employ his holiday in working out a perfect treasure of new corals and other sea products, which he gathered in the extreme south. Among the last unofficial acts I had to do in the Presidency was to preside at the resurrection of the Scientific and Literary Society, which had been long dormant, but which the zeal of a Scotchman (Mr. Michie Smith) had just awakened into new life.

One of the very worst mistakes we have made in India is to give too much of a Western-literary, as distinguished from a Western-scientific, character to our teaching. It is little that one man can do to repair this calamitous misdirection of our energies; but I put my views on record about it, not only in official documents, but in an address, with which I took a good deal of trouble, delivered in my capacity of Chancellor of the University of Madras.[1] "*Liberavi animam meam;*" but before we have got over the mischief that has been already done, if we ever do get over it, those who are responsible for the future of India will have many a bad quarter of an hour.

I spoke a little time ago of introducing new industries; but while we do this I should like to see some care given to encouraging the manufacture of some of the articles of beauty and luxury for which India was once famous. That cannot be done by Government, and it cannot be done by the ordinary operation of the law of supply and demand. The demand for Indian ornamental articles which has sprung up of late years has had the result, not of stimulating the manufacture of really beautiful things, but of calling into existence cheaper and far inferior things. I have elsewhere suggested that

[1] Republished in the last volume of *Notes from a Diary*, 1881-1886 (1898).

Europeans of good artistic taste might do a useful work by associating themselves together and keeping in their pay the scattered artificers throughout the country, who still care for and will, with time and encouragement, produce beautiful things. These men usually represent families who worked for the luxurious native courts, which used to spend in ornamented arms, trappings, and articles of many kinds a quite unreasonable proportion of the money they took from the people. Our Government is obliged to be very simple in all these matters, because otherwise it would not be able to spend money on things really useful to the people; but the gradual dying out of the arts which ministered to the luxury of the native courts is nevertheless a misfortune which might be remedied to some extent by the association of well-to-do and intelligent private persons.

Other things for which the people asked, and with regard to all of which we were enabled in many ways and places to comply with their wishes, were improved roads, increased communication by bridges and ferries, deeper and better connected waterways through the lagoons of the Western coast, the introduction of purer water into some of their towns, piers to permit of the loading and unloading of vessels on the seaward side of the terrible surf which rolls in from the Bay of Bengal, more commodious public buildings, and a conservation at Government expense of some of the stately ruins bequeathed to us by vanished native dynasties.

I should like to have had more frequent requests made to me for assistance in carrying out sanitary projects and diminishing preventible diseases. I have no doubt that if some other Governor, fifteen years hence, makes a circuit through the Presidency, he will hear a great deal more on this subject. At present we are in a state in which Government

and its officers are obliged to keep pressing upon the people the most elementary truths of hygiene. That will not always be so, but an Indian Administration has in such matters to follow the example of O'Connell, who used to go on repeating this or that statement until it "began to come back to him." There is hardly one of the things for which the representatives of the Native population asked me, for which they would have asked one of my predecessors fifty years ago. It is their English rulers who have taught them to wish for all these good things, and in doing so they have, I think, conferred vast blessings upon a large portion of mankind. I trust that those to whom the destinies of India are confided will continue to encourage the people to wish for things which will bring to them real and practical benefits. I have not the slightest sympathy with those who try to divert their attention from such things to tinkering political machinery. I believe that from such foolish and evil teaching nothing can result except grievous injury to Great Britain and absolute ruin to her Indian subjects.

We have one real difficulty and one real danger in the East. The difficulty is the fall in silver: the danger is that spirit of generous folly which has become of late so potent an element in our domestic affairs. The difficulty is not of our own making, and we must turn it as best we can. For the danger we alone are responsible, and it will vanish away if we determine, putting quietly by suggestions of organic changes, whether well-meant or sinister, steadily to devote ourselves to doing such things as I have been speaking of—things demonstrably good; and to carrying with us in the doing of them, the sensible and steady portion of our subjects who are already showing signs of alarm at the doctrines promulgated in certain quarters. Our system of government is susceptible

of ceaseless improvement. God forbid that we should ever fold our hands and say to the moment: "Stay, thou art so fair!"; but sure I am that if we mean our work to endure we must build on the old lines. If the political methods which meet our wants at home are suitable for our Eastern Empire, then our position there is absurd. We are, and must be to the end of the chapter, intruders; but if we went to-morrow the next paramount power, whatever it was, whether it came from beyond the passes, or rose like the Mahrattas in the Peninsula, would be considered just as much of an intruder.

It would inherit the reproach which is so frequently brought against our countrymen of not being "sympathetic."

I should like, by the way, to know when and where between this and the beginning of the Stone Age, a ruling race appeared to those whom it ruled to be "sympathetic." After all, however, the best fruit of sympathy is beneficence, and the barren sympathy of some of our critics makes me think of the well-known observation: "A never sees B in distress without wishing C to relieve him."

The more kindly our officers are in their intercourse with the natives of India the better, and nothing can be more kindly than the tone of our best officers; but, after all, things cannot *be*, and *not be*: a ruling race must rule, or it had better retire from business.

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